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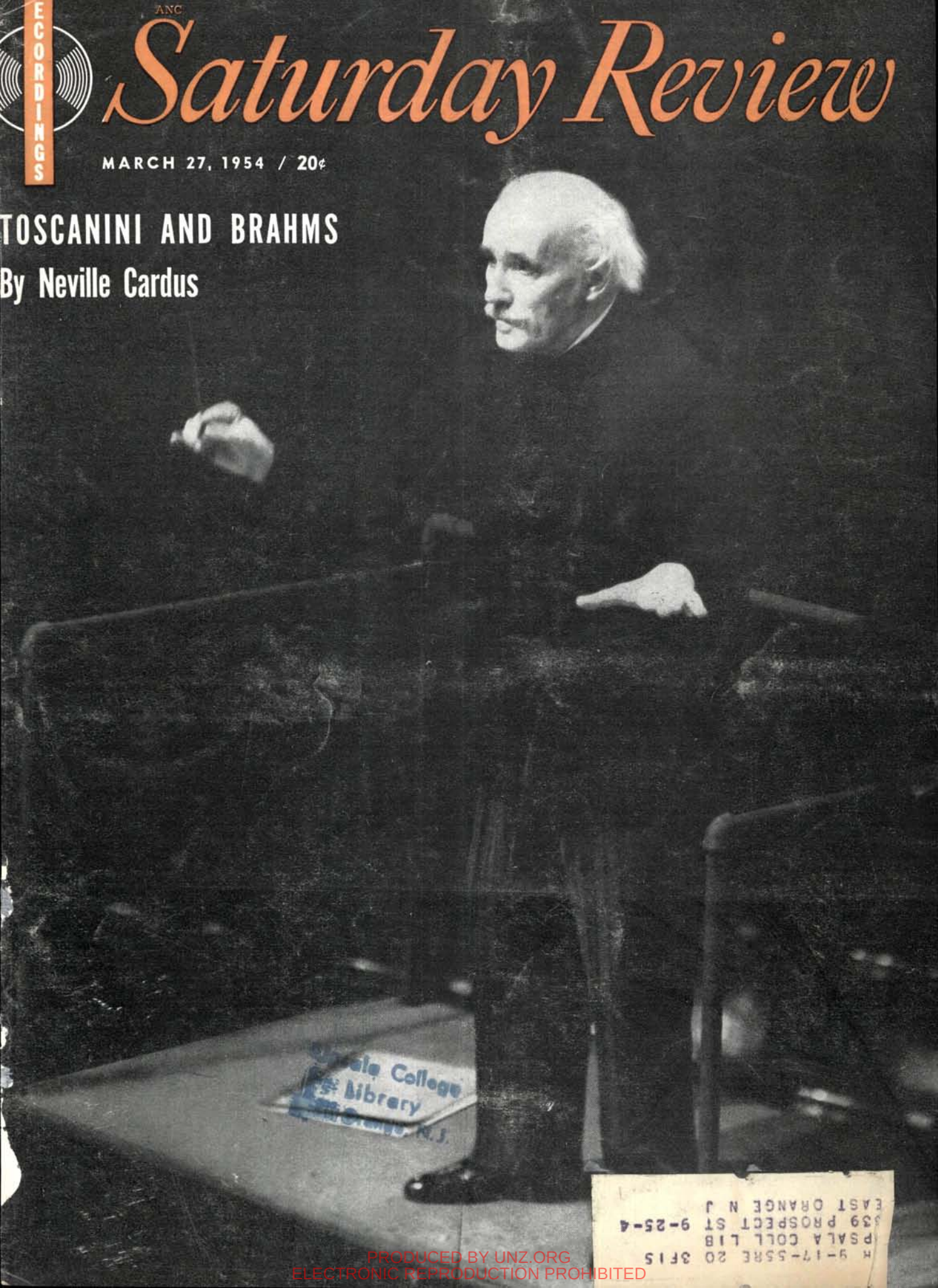
Saturday Review

MARCH 27, 1954 / 20¢

TOSCANINI AND BRAHMS

By Neville Cardus



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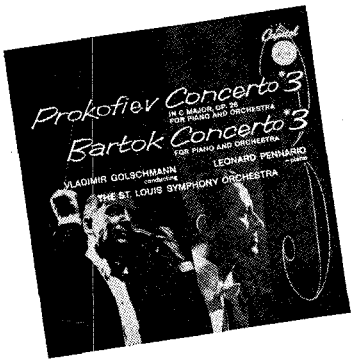

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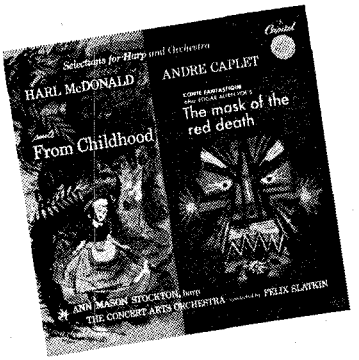

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The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 13, Mar. 27, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Bury St. Edmonds is a fine old English town in West Suffolk.

¶ Among its points of interest are the ruins of an abbey, a Norman tower and an inn mentioned in "Pickwick Papers." It is also the home of the English writer, Norah Lofts.

¶ Last summer I visited Miss Lofts in Bury. Her husband and son being away, she received me with her delicate dachshund, Rupert. We had tea, inspected her garden, and discussed her new novel, "Bless This House."

¶ "Bless This House" is the story of Merravay, an English home, and the people who lived in it during four centuries, from the first Elizabeth to the present Queen. Although not an actual building, Merravay was inspired by the old houses of Suffolk, which Miss Lofts knows and loves so well.

¶ Before I left Bury, I photographed Miss Lofts and Rupert. This picture appears on the book's jacket. Unfortunately, the man who makes our jackets had to paint out the background — and Rupert. He also cut off Miss Lofts' body from her head ("decorpitated" her, as it were).

¶ If you would like to see all of Miss Lofts, as well as her garden — and Rupert, just drop me a line. I'll send you a photograph, which you can frame or put in an album. Only one picture to a person, though.

¶ "Bless This House," the story of an old English house, Merravay, is published by a young American house, Doubleday, and, appropriately enough, is the April selection of that famous American institution, The Literary Guild.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Address requests for the free picture of Norah Lofts and Rupert to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. "Bless This House," by Norah Lofts, may be obtained from any bookseller for $3.50.

(Advertisement)

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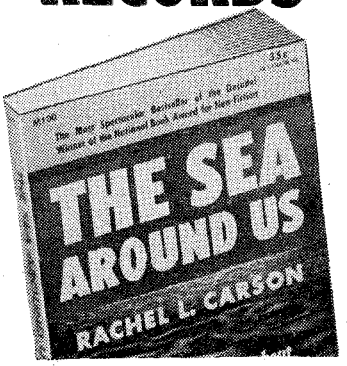

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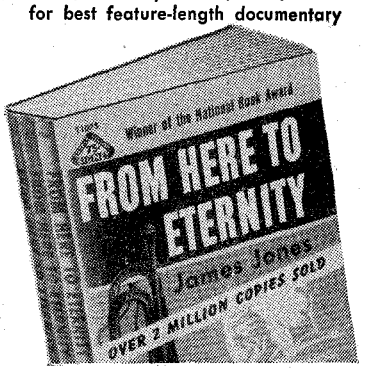

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest column is by Roland Gelatt, feature editor of* SR, *author of "Music-Makers" and a forthcoming history of the phonograph.*

"IT'S EASY TO STOP SMOKING," says the Vanguard Press in its 1954 advertising campaign for a four-year-old manual by Herbert Brean entitled "How to Stop Smoking," and in view of recent medical aspersions on The Weed, that campaign is expected to pay off handsomely. Already worried smokers looking for an easy way out have boosted sales 350 per cent over what they were last year. Brean's book comes with a money-back guarantee: if you don't like his advice, return the book and get a refund in full. To date less than 1 per cent of the copies sold have been returned—which indicates either that Brean has offered some pretty persuasive counsel or that his readers boggle at the prospect of wrapping the book and trotting off to the post office.

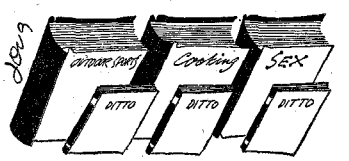
Although the rash of medical reports has subsided a bit these days, To Smoke or Not to Smoke still flourishes as a useful conversational gambit and as fodder for sundry jokes, cartoons, and anecdotes. My favorite story concerns the medical savant who took off two months to investigate and evaluate all the laboratory experiments that have been conducted. After weighing the available evidence, he concluded: "In my mind there's no doubt whatsoever that mice should not smoke."

BOOKS ABOUT MUSIC all but disappeared from publishers' lists this winter; at most there were half a dozen new titles worth serious consideration. One good reason: books on music are shamefully poor sellers in this country. One publisher who stubbornly persists in bringing out music books estimates that the average total sale for books in this category hovers between three thousand and four thousand copies—which is slim pickings today. Why this should be in the midst of an unprecedented music boom is a question that publishers are trying to answer. In recent years, the compilers of statistics tells us, Americans have been spending more money on music—the Bach and Beethoven kind—than they have on baseball. Certainly, phonograph records and record-playing equipment are selling as never before. Of course, it's true that most people would rather listen to music than read about it, but that can't be the whole explanation. It seems likely that book publishers haven't yet found the way to reach a brand-new body of music enthusiasts.

TWO PHONOGRAPHIC entrepreneurs who have had a startling success in reaching these enthusiasts are the brothers Josefowitz, David and Sam. In 1946 they started a small record company called the Concert Hall Society as an offshoot of the family chemical business. It specialized in esoteric music and from the start operated profitably on a small scale. Three years ago the brothers decided to increase their mail-order business, and in order to get names of potential record buyers they placed a few advertisements offering a sample ten-inch LP recording of music from the standard repertoire for one dollar. The response to these ads having upset all expectations, the Messrs. Josefowitz sensed the possibilities of developing a mail-order market for low-priced LP's. Two years ago they launched the Musical Masterpiece Society, which purveys direct to the buyer a line of discs selling for $1.50 (ten inch) and $2.50 (twelve inch). About seventy records have been issued to date, mostly of standard classics. None of the performers can claim dazzling international reputations (Swiss and Dutch musicians predominate in the MMS catalogue), but in the recordings I have heard the interpretations, and the quality of sound, are more than adequate. According to Sam Josefowitz, the Musical Masterpiece Society now has a list of some 300,000 people who have paid one dollar or more for records by mail. The majority of these buyers, he says, live in small towns and are newly converted listeners to good music.

Is there a moral in this for publishers interested in issuing books about music? I wouldn't pretend to know the answer, but I think it's worth asking.

SIMULTANEOUS HARDBACK-PAPERBACK publishing, pioneered by Ballantine Books in 1952, is back in the news this spring with the recently concluded



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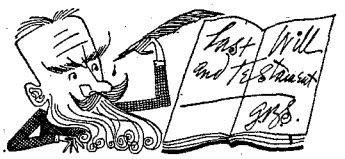
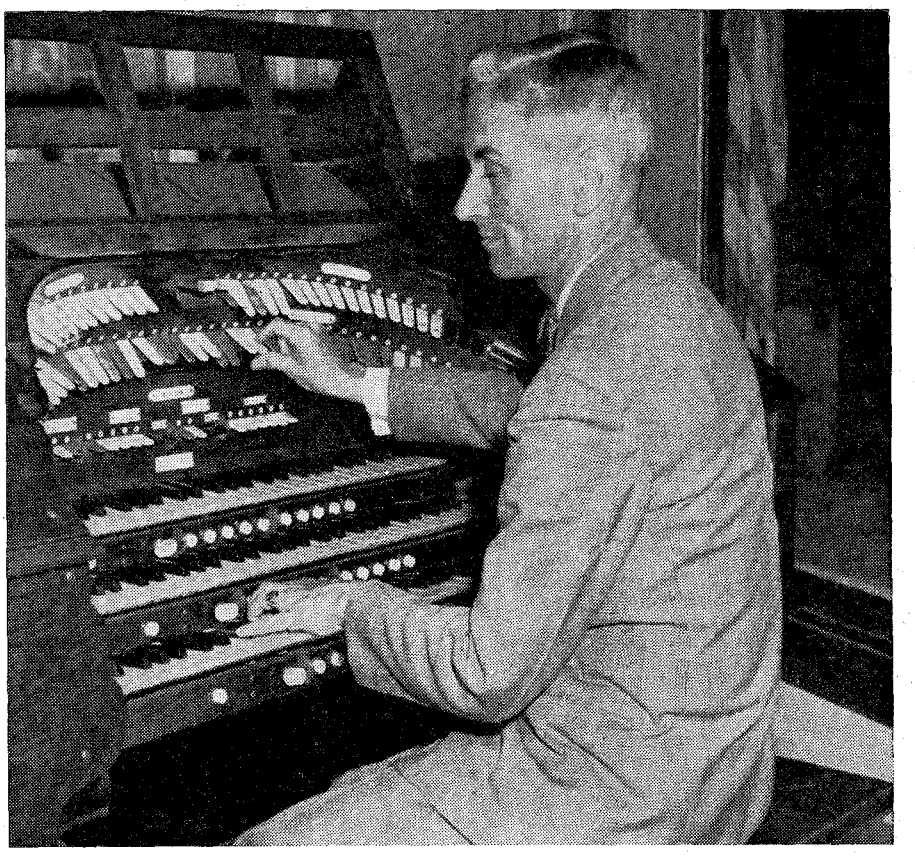
alliance between Bobbs-Merrill and the Maco Magazine Corporation. Maco is an enterprise piloted by Jerry Mason, an erstwhile editor at *This Week* and *Argosy*, who now publishes practical books in magazine format on such subjects as outdoor sports, cooking, and sex. They are written to order, are well printed and copiously illustrated, and sell at newsstands for 75¢. Now Bobbs-Merrill is to publish, simultaneously with Maco, hard-cover editions of these books—printed on better paper—for $2.75 and is touting them as a "revolutionary new combination of words with pictures." Maco's initial print orders will run to 200,000 copies, Bobbs-Merrill's to 10,000. For the present this hardback-paperback team will stick to the "how-to-do-it" literature that Maco has sold so successfully. But Jerry Mason hopes in time to draw on the regular Bobbs-Merrill list for newsstand editions. He couldn't choose a worthier title as a starter than Elmer Davis's "But We Were Born Free."

A DEAD MAN'S WILL would not usually be considered an auspicious first offering for a new publishing house, but that is exactly what the Apple Tree Press has chosen for its debut publication. Since the testator in this case



is George Bernard Shaw, the usual considerations hardly apply. Shaw's last will and testament was signed in Ayot St. Lawrence on June 12, 1950, less than five months before his death, *aetat.* ninety-four. It runs to nineteen closely printed pages and has never before been published in its entirety. Shaw was attentive to detail and had a sense of history. In Section 11 of his will he observed that "certain portraits of myself in painting or sculpture are at present in public galleries or institutions" and he bequeathed "all of them and any others that may be in the like circumstances at my death to the several institutions in whose custody they stand." But he made an exception of the bronze bust by Paul Troubetskoy in the foyer of the Theatre Guild headquarters in New York City. "In the case of the Theatre Guild, which is not in its nature a permanent institution," he wrote, "I direct that on the Guild's dissolution or the winding up of its business from any cause . . . the bust shall pass to the Metropolitan Museum in New York City or failing its acceptance for immediate or future exhibition in that institute to the next



AN ORCHESTRA AT HIS FINGER TIPS. Harold Warner, Jr., seated at the console of the concert organ in the Richmond, Va., civic center. This famous organ, dusty and mute, was about to be dismantled until it was restored by Mr. Warner, a telephone company craftsman.

The Once Proud Pipe Organ That Played Again

For ten long years, the great organ had stood mute. Time and dust had robbed it of its song.

Now it looked as if it would never play again. For the cost of restoring it was $30,000, and that was more than the city's auditorium could afford.

But before it could be dismantled, Harold Warner, Jr., offered his services. He was a central office repairman for the Bell Telephone Company in Richmond, Va., and a fine amateur musician. He loved organ music and he had repaired and maintained several other fine instruments. The city gladly gave him permission to work on the big organ.

It took most of his spare time for two years. Thirteen hundred and eighty-four pipes had to be cleaned. Hundreds of small parts had to be checked and polished; thousands of electrical connections tightened.

It was a big job but he got it done. The cost to the city? Just $32.50 for small parts.

You can imagine the thrill when he seated himself at the organ and its voice was heard again. In recognition of his work, the Mayor of Richmond, Dr. Edward E. Haddock, presented him with the Sertoma Club's *Service to Mankind Award.*

* * *

Harold Warner, Jr., is just one of many thousands of telephone people who give their own time and talents to helping the communities in which they live. In all things, on and off the job, they aim to be good citizens.

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most eligible (in my Trustee's opinion) American public collection willing to accept it."

GBS felt impelled to record his regret "that my means are not sufficient to provide for material pledges of my regard for the many friends who as colleagues in the Socialistic movement or as artists cooperating with me in the performance of my plays or otherwise have not only made my career possible but hallowed it with kindly human relations." The bulk of his estate is earmarked for various projects connected with a "Proposed British Alphabet" of forty letters. That estate was valued in 1951 at $1,028,252.40. Since then the accumulating royalties from books, plays, motion pictures, and phonograph records must have swelled it considerably. It would be enlightening to know how all this money is being spent.

The Apple Tree Press is located in Flint, Michigan, and is the brainchild of two Michigan newspapermen, William D. Chase and R. C. Johns. Since Chase is a Shavian of long standing, a frequent correspondent with the old man during the 1940's, and the founder of the Shaw Society of America, the choice of the will as Book No. 1 is easy to explain. Apple Tree's second title has not been selected, but plans call for an emphasis on previously overlooked material like the will.

NOWHERE IN SHAW'S WILL is there any provision for the upkeep of his house and belongings in Ayot St. Lawrence, which he willed to the National Trust "to be preserved as objects of memorial or artistic interest." For a time after his death this omission was of no account, for there were enough visitors paying an admittance charge of two shillings to make the place self-supporting. But recently attendance at Shaw's Corner has slipped badly (last year there were only 7,000 paying visitors) and early in March the National Trust had to announce that the house will be rented, unfurnished (except for Shaw's study), from September 30. However, the public will be admitted to the study and garden one day a week.

Anyone who has made the pilgrimage to Shaw's Corner will understand its deficiencies from the ordinary sightseer's viewpoint, for the village of Ayot St. Lawrence is as inaccessible as any place could possibly be that lies within forty miles of London. Last May my wife and I decided to pay a visit to the haunts of GBS and, following directions published in the London *News Chronicle*, took a train to Welwyn Garden City and there boarded a Green Line bus. We asked the conductor to tell us when we got to Ayot St. Lawrence. In about five minutes he gave us the sign to get off. The bus had stopped in the middle of open country. "Just down that road there," the conductor reassured us. We walked down that road there for ten minutes, and then came to a fork with a signpost. It read: "Ayot St. Lawrence—2¾ miles." I must admit it was one of the pleasantest walks one could imagine: a shaded road that winds past some handsome houses and every now and again affords a magnificent view of the rolling Hertfordshire countryside. Even so, only dedicated Shavians could be expected to do all that hoofing just to see an unprepossessing suburban house.

RECENTLY WE RECEIVED from its sponsors, the International Public Relations Corporation, a new gimmick called the Mag-A-Disc, which is a paper-plastic record especially designed for incorporation in magazines, books, and brochures. Said the accompanying letter: "What a way to give a book review or have the author speak to his readers!" Musing along these lines, I began to hear in my mind's ear the friendly voice of Bennett Cerf cracking jokes, John Mason Brown charming us with a report on a recent evening's aisle-sitting, and Sergeant Cuff bristling his public with a curdlesome account of the latest thriller. As I warmed to the idea further, I began to consider the Mag-A-Disc's potentialities as an aid to the record reviewer. No longer need he struggle to describe in words a particularly effective musical experience; with the Mag-A-Disc he need only play his phonograph, re-record the passage in question, and let his listeners hear for themselves. And if the reviewer were to find fault with the way Horowitz played a Chopin Etude, he would merely take the microphone to his own piano and demonstrate exactly how the music ought to go. H-m-m. Maybe that's not such a good idea after all. —ROLAND GELATT.

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 27, 1954

THE FREE ECONOMY OF STUDENTS

By A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

From elementary schools to universities, says President Griswold of Yale, American education is in a dangerous tailspin. How we can pull out of it is the subject of this article, adapted from the President's Annual Report to Yale alumni for 1953 and included in his recently published volume entitled "Essays on Education."

IN AMERICAN education today we find trends that threaten not only its institutional security but its very mind and spirit. It is high time we took note of these trends. If they are allowed to continue they might easily produce an educational collapse and cultural setback from which no university could escape.

At the moment the trends show up most vividly in our schools in acute shortages of schoolrooms and teachers. But the estimates are constantly being revised upward. The latest I have at hand may be summarized as follows: In 1952-1953 our total elementary-school enrolment was 25 million and our secondary-school enrolment 6.6 million (including in both cases, both public and private schools). If the present rate of increase continues as expected it will give us an elementary-school enrolment of between 30 and 32 million by 1960, which would project itself into a secondary-school enrolment of 11 to 12 million by 1965. We can imagine how this in turn will swell our present higher-education enrolment of around 2 million.

These trends have already created a shortage of classrooms which, despite our best efforts to date, stands at 325,000 and is expected to increase by another 425,000 by 1960. The results of this shortage are overcrowding, double and often triple sessions, fire and health hazards, and consequent deterioration in discipline and instruction. Far worse is the shortage of teachers. Here we discover the alarming fact that in face of the rapidly increasing enrolment of students the supply of teachers is actually declining. The projected need for properly trained and qualified elementary-school teachers this fall was 160,000, against which our colleges produced last year only 36,000. To provide for a secondary-school enrolment that is on its way to doubling itself we turned out 86,000 secondary-school teachers in 1950; 73,000 in 1951; 61,000 in 1952; and 55,000 in 1953. "The public has been repeatedly advised," declares the 1953 Teacher Supply and Demand Report of the National Education Association, "that the American school system is rapidly moving into a new era. The facts have been literally shouted from the housetops. . . . Yet scarcely anywhere is there evidence of adequate steps being taken to meet this crisis." This arithmetic affords us only a quick barometric reading of conditions which would take another Dickens to depict and will take the best wisdom and energy this country is able to put forth to correct. Their immediate result is a nation-wide depreciation of educational standards accompanied by an inordinate waste of human resources.

Our colleges and universities depend upon the schools for their most essential raw material, and if the schools cannot or do not send them properly qualified material the whole fabric of higher education becomes a bridge built upon rotten pilings. Students who have been hustled through overcrowded and undisciplined classrooms, taught by overworked, underpaid, and improperly qualified teachers, and nurtured on subjects that do not constantly stretch their minds and expand their vision are poor material for college or university. The results of such education cannot fail to undermine the standards of both the liberal arts colleges and the graduate and professional schools of the universities. Nor have they failed to do so.

It is true that the worst effects of the trends cited above should not be felt in higher education for another

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decade. It was my own recent experience as a teacher in Yale College to find in my classroom each year a growing number of students who, though they might (and did) score high marks for their knowledge of the subject of the course, might have failed it altogether if I had graded them in rhetoric. Before me as I write is the annual report of the dean of one of Yale's professional schools which complains of "widespread illiteracy among college graduates . . . want of competence effectively to read, write, and spell the English language and even more to read, spell, or write any foreign language . . . accordingly . . . want of capacity to acquire and apply intelligence." Beside it is a letter from a professor of economics, the distinguished graduate of European universities and former member of their faculties who has taught at both Yale and Harvard, expressing dismay at the "near illiteracy" of his graduate students in both institutions. "Few of them" he says, "know how to write, and some don't even know how to read. The main trouble undoubtedly lies with our primary and secondary education, and I am not sure how much of it could still be remedied by appropriate reforms in our undergraduate curriculum. I am afraid it may be too late by then to make up some of the deficiencies in the students' earlier training. Still, it has to be attempted. . . ." With half our undergraduates now entering professional schools and nearly all undergoing some form of professional or quasi-professional training after graduation, the urgency of the attempt is indicated.

I have selected this evidence from Yale's faculty at random. I could multiply it many times from business and industrial as well as professional and academic sources. It proves, I think, that in education as in commerce when bad money gets into circulation it drives out good, and the process is only intensified as the latter is hoarded.

I HAVE cited the two most obvious causes of these conditions: the shortage of facilities and the shortage of teachers. The criticism I have quoted points to a third cause, less obvious perhaps, but certainly no less important. This is the decline of the liberal arts as a force in our national educational system. These studies are disappearing under a layer of vocational and other substitutes like the landscape in the ice age, only this glacier reaches from coast to coast and border to border. With all due exceptions, and all honor and power to those exceptions, the attitude of most educational institutions toward this trend varies from mild concern to indifference and cheerful acquiescence.

Alas, no substitutes have been found for reading and writing. The practice and enjoyment of these skills in an ever-widening orbit and on an ever-ascending plane are both ends and means to the liberal arts. If deficiencies in these skills show up in colleges and even in the highly selective graduate schools of universities, do they not betray a comprehensive deficiency of the parent discipline? At a meeting of the Association of American Universities last October a distinguished dean from another institution, deploring the phenomenon, attributed it to the failure of the schools. I have heard schoolteachers blame it on the colleges. The argument moves in a vicious circle leaving untouched the central fact that both schools and colleges and through them American civilization are denying themselves the benefits of studies which for two thousand years, throughout Western civilization, have been esteemed as the key to the good life as well as to all true academic achievement.

The point is substantiated by more disturbing evidence. While over half the nation's youth finishes high school and a fifth (of the whole) goes on to some form of higher education, this group includes less than half of those best qualified for such education. Of the top quarter in intellectual ability 20 per cent do not continue for financial reasons, and 40 per cent—a proportion exactly equal to that which does continue—for lack of motivation. That so large a proportion of our best college material eschews higher education for such a reason is a fact that requires much interpretation. It is a composite of environment, chance, social status, geography, and other elements and influences. Is it not, too, further proof of our neglect of the liberal arts? The whole impulse and tendency of the liberal arts is to encourage the individual to make the most of all educational opportunities within reach and constantly to seek new ones. If the parents and teachers of these "unmotivated" young men and women had themselves been steeped in the liberal arts would they not have communicated this impulse to their children and students? If their schools had afforded anything like proper introductions to the liberal arts would the impulse have been lost? The voluntary rejection of higher education

(*Continued on page* 34)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MORE DISTAFF SIDERS

Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, submits the names of twenty British women writers and a list of book titles. You are asked, in each instance, to match the title to the non-writing name and to supply the name under which each writer writes. Eight correct identifications can be regarded as good, nine as highly commendable, and ten or better as distinctly admirable. Answers on page 28.

1. Lady Turner	( )	"The Strange Life of August Strindberg"
2. Lady O'Malley	( )	"Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell"
3. Mrs. Eric Reeve	( )	"The Emperor Constantine"
4. Mrs. Mark Napier	( )	"The House of Strangers"
5. Mrs. John Dallyn	( )	"The Great Corinthian"
6. Mrs. F. N. Betts	( )	"The Shelbourne Hotel"
7. Mrs. David Davies	( )	"Mrs. Tim Flies Home!"
8. Mrs. Peter Luling	( )	"The Candle's Glory"
9. Mrs. Oliver Onions	( )	"Quartet in Heaven"
10. Mrs. Ernest Milton	( )	"The Echoing Grove"
11. Mrs. T. Penrose Fry	( )	"Fantastic Holiday"
12. Mrs. Wogan Philipps	( )	"A Place to Stand"
13. Mrs. Arthur L. Long	( )	"Beyond Euphrates"
14. Mrs. Clare Robinson	( )	"The Hidden Land"
15. Mrs. James R. Peploe	( )	"To Bed at Noon"
16. Mrs. Stewart Perowne	( )	"Troy Chimneys"
17. Mrs. J. B. Priestley	( )	"One Fine Day"
18. Mrs. Alan C. Cameron	( )	"The Signpost"
19. Lady Fergusson-Hannay	( )	"The New Rich"
20. Mrs. Atherton Fleming	( )	"A Woman as Great as the World and Other Fables"

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The First Holy Roman

"Charlemagne: The Legend and the Man," by Harold Lamb *(Doubleday. 320 pp. $4.50), tells the story of the eighth-century German prince whose goal was European unity and who made a good deal of progress toward it during a colorful lifetime.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

AS THE year 788 dawned Alcuin of York turned to the huge, blond monarch whom he served and said to him succinctly:

"Your subjects are the Christian people."

This was, to be sure, not completely true. In Ireland, whence St. Brendan had long since sailed, possibly to the New World, and whither the Norsemen had not yet come, the faith taught by St. Patrick still flourished and the golden age of monastic scholarship had not quite ended. The English, fractured into fragmentary kingdoms, were Christians, and Charlemagne did not rule them; nor was his sovereignty over those holding out in the mountains of the Asturias other than nominal. Benevento was at least technically independent. In the Byzantine East, Irene, "one of the great medieval women," and also one of the cruelest and most bigoted, still held sway over a large, if dwindling, Christian empire.

But elsewhere this German prince —he can as properly be called Karl der Grosse as Carolus Magnus—who would go down in history as France's first emperor, not only ruled all other Christians but added to their number.

Inspired by the "tall Anglo-Saxon" Willehad, and advised by his "giant abbot" Sturm, he had pushed his way back to the Frozen Sea (either the North Sea near the Elbe mouth, or the Baltic) whence his Frank ancestors had come. Penetrating the swamps and forests, he made Christians of the Saxons as he went, and ended the war which had begun when he cut down the sacred oak tree, Irminsul, by finally converting their chief, Witukind. Witukind's descendants became Roman emperors themselves.

Before that he had conquered Lombardy, where the Long Beards were already worshipers of Christ, and Bavaria, whose Christian Duke ruled many a pagan subject. Even as Alcuin spoke, he was planning his thrusts against the Slavs and Avars. The latter, under a khagan or kahn, were an Asiatic people related to the Huns. Their "rings," which reputedly surrounded immense and stolen treasures, were not, as Kerold reported them, "wide as the land between Tours and the Lake of Constance," but at least one did measure thirty-eight miles in circumference.

WHEN these had been disposed of, Charlemagne's realm extended from the Pyrenees to the Bohemian bastion, from Monte Cassino to Jutland. Crowned Roman emperor in 800 by Pope Leo, he was the first ruler of a united Europe after the Caesars. He was the last one, until Napoleon, whose motive was somewhat more that of a highwayman.

Besides that, he rekindled and carried into the North the dying flames of Western culture. A man six feet four in height who looked, lived, dressed, talked, and thought like a Frank; who was enrapt by, yet rejected, Rome, and instead created his own capital by the hot springs of Aachen (Aquis Granum) in the isolated wilderness; and who, although he strove hard but could never really teach himself to read or write, nevertheless deliberately and consciously set out to bring into being that learned revival which is still known as the Carolingian renaissance.

He assembled scholars—not only Alcuin, but Paulus Diaconus, Theodulf, and his dwarf favorite, Einhard. His Carolingian script became the basis for modern miniscule. He was

—Jacket by Pranashape, for "Charlemagne."

"Penetrating the swamps and forests, he made Christians of the Saxons as he went."

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a builder, too, constructing palaces at Ingelheim and Nijmegan, and robbing Rome and Ravenna for his chapel at Aachen that endured until World War II.

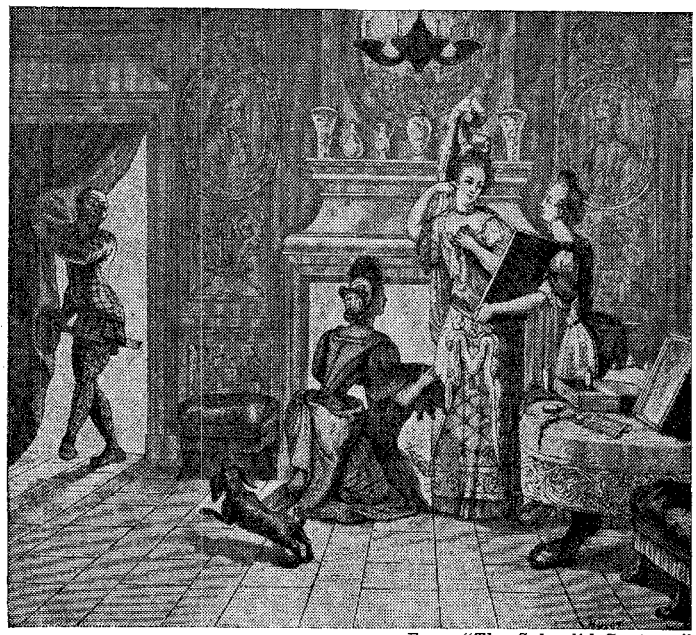
WHEN you add to this Charlemagne's accomplishments in law and administration and the reforms which he imposed upon the Church, it is not surprising that legend has clustered around him like moss upon an oak. One of his skirmishes was transmuted into "The Song of Roland."

Nor is it surprising that the temptation to write about him proved irresistible to one of our ablest and most colorful modern biographers. Harold Lamb is, among other things, a specialist in barbarian kings, but he has also written successfully about men at least touched by civilization such as Justinian (born a Slav peasant) and Suleiman the Magnificent, a Turk. Charlemagne did not quite belong to either class. He was born a barbarian, but the civilization he blossomed into suffused him through and through.

His story makes, by all odds, Mr. Lamb's best book. I cannot guarantee its detailed accuracy. The Frank king was born more than 1,100 years ago, and any attempt to reach deeply into his interior must be in good part guesswork, however well it is documented.

But Mr. Lamb's guesswork is certainly convincing. From the first paragraph when eleven-year-old "Churl" rides forth to greet Pope Stephen in his father's name to those moving last pages when the old emperor lies dying, the man lives and breathes and has his being. So, too, do the men and women around him: Alcuin, who calls him "David"; old Sturm, who points out some of the dangers of conversion by superior force; his four queens and even more numerous ladies—"of his moral virtues," said Gibbon, "chastity was not the most conspicuous"; his flaxen-haired daughters, whom he loved so dearly that he preferred to have them mother bastards than marry and leave him. I could go on and on. It is an historical cinemascope, having three dimensions not merely two.

Yet underneath it is the tragedy that underlies all vital living—that we can build only to our own limits, that what mighty hands have constructed, lesser hands will bring down. Charlemagne's grandsons divided the mighty kingdom. Yet he did set the shining goal of unity and moved toward it in as humane a way as was possible in that dark day. Mr. Lamb shows us both the goal and the frustration. It is that which gives a special quality to the book.



—*From "The Splendid Century."*

A lady of quality dressing for the ball.

El Ludovico Magnifico

"The Splendid Century: Life in the France of Louis XIV," by W. H. Lewis *(William Sloane Assoc. 306 pp. $5), is a British literary historian's picture of France during its greatest period of glory. Below it is reviewed by Leo Gershoy, visiting professor of history at the University of California, Los Angeles, and author of "The French Revolution and Napoleon."*

By Leo Gershoy

THERE is much to enjoy in the vivid picture of life in the France of Louis XIV that W. H. Lewis offers in "The Splendid Century." Mr. Lewis is not only extraordinarily informative; he paints with a high color and he enlivens his graceful pages with humor and wit.

The account opens with a detailed and balanced picture and analysis of the Sun King himself, setting the stage for what is to follow and giving the tone. The handsomest man in all France—that was the ruler—had much on the credit side of his ledger. He possessed tremendous personal dignity; he followed the dictates of good sense and reason, as the seventeenth-century phrase went; he was persevering and good-natured, and he was guided in his actions toward his subjects by a sense of justice and toward God by a sense of duty. All that he had—together with an animality that advancing years and his morganatic wife attenuated, overweening arrogance, and at the least his share of the age's religious bigotry. The chapters that follow are not less rich. The author dips heavily into a reservoir of contemporary material—letters, journals, diaries—to depict in revealing detail the many aspects of French life in their splendor and their squalor, and in the sordidness within the very splendor.

If Mr. Lewis had a didactic purpose in mind, and one hesitates to make so grave a charge against a non-academic historian, the moral would be for his readers to take a few motes out of their own eyes before discovering nothing but beams in the eyes of the men and women who lived in that distant yesterday. For as he leads us from court to cottage, from teeming town to village, from savant or prelate to charlatan or foot-soldier, the impression fixes itself that he would not be loath to have the reader share his own conviction that the elegant gentlemen and fine ladies of an age of privilege behaved with as much true consideration, decency, and humanity toward their fellows as their

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non-privileged descendants do today toward one another.

Whether he actually insinuated that suggestion or not does not really matter, for in any case, to it we can only say "amen." Grandees were men for a' that. To peasants were given their moments of pleasure as well as a steadier round of sorrows. A thousand and one ties, practices and immemorial customs did effectively temper theoretical absolutism of ruler and prescriptive rights of feudal lords into a workable and almost seemly give-and-take of daily relations.

FOR readers now older than they were when they learned in school to look with republican horror upon the workings of divine right absolutism and an aristocratic society, this entertaining account will provide generally corrective as well as thoroughly enjoyable reading. To be sure, not all the details are either of equal interest or even equal validity. Why, for example, such relatively long space to the dreary theological disputations, which barely touched upon the lives of the many, and, comparatively, so little space to the townspeople and the different layers of the peasant world? Here and there some errors of fact, as in the confusion over direct and indirect taxation; or a questionable interpretation, like Mr. Lewis's cavalier dismissal of the Fronde as a mere tragi-comic civil war without any principle at stake. And to call our attention to the magnificent courage which the King displayed toward the disasters of his last wars without also saying a word about the disaster that the country faced smacks a little of pitying the plumage and forgetting the dying bird.

Obviously these disagreements over details will not detract from the pleasure of the reading. Perhaps it is churlish to ask for more than Mr. Lewis has given us, but one cannot help wishing that he had stepped out and away from his colorful material to handle it a little more in perspective. His whole is not more than the sum of its parts. The picturesque details, often for their very triviality, admirably illustrate one facet after another of the diversified scene, but somehow in the process of presenting them, the author has allowed his gaze to wander from the central design of the pageantry. His book effectively brings out the essential humanity of his players, the flesh-and-blood contacts that obtained within a hierarchy of personal relations, but he does relatively little toward bringing the different aspects of the social experience together into a larger and meaningful unity. It is this absence of a synoptic vision that one misses most.

Cities and Virtues

"Principia Politica," by Leonard Woolf *(Harcourt, Brace. 319 pp. $5), the third volume of an analysis of the political ideas prevailing in the West, examines the past seventy years. Here it is reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun, author of "Europe in Evolution" and other books.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

MORE than twenty years ago, Leonard Woolf set himself to analyze the political ideals and values that have come to prevail among the peoples of the Western world since the French Revolution. The First World War convinced him that the most important and least understood factor in any government was the attitude or response of the subjects or citizens toward that government. He decided that the institutions, the machinery, of modern democracy had received due attention, but the "communal psychology" that made it a "viable" form of government had not.

The first and second volumes of his broad enquiry, published in 1931 and 1939 respectively, bore the title "After the Deluge." They carried his discursive investigation of democracy, freedom, and nationality from 1789 to 1832. In his third volume, recently published, he leaps to 1880 and discusses the operation of these same ideas and forces during the last seventy odd years, the period of his own lifetime. He has also changed his title. The late John Maynard Keynes observed, after reading the opening volume, that the project was in essence "a study of the fundamental principles of political thought and action." Woolf now pays tribute to that judgment by renaming it "Principia Politica."

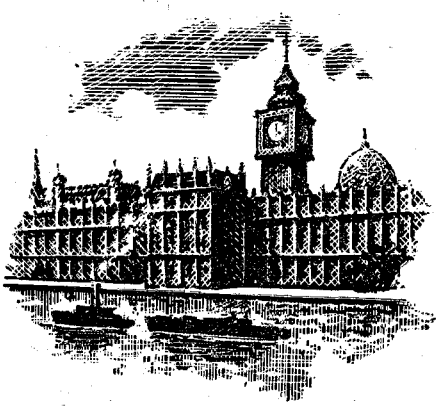
In style and structure the three volumes so far completed are a thousand-page essay rather than a systematic treatise. They are written with grace and literary skill, but are marred by digressions and by occasional passages in which the thought grows elusive and almost transcendental. The digressions not only delay the argument, they frequently confuse it. In the present volume, for instance, the author spends several pages expounding the curious and irrelevent thesis that dogs are the only animals, aside from man, that evince a sense of guilt. His appeals to personal experience to validate general propositions induce, in such instances, an opposite effect. They betray the idiosyncratic bent of his thinking and weaken faith in his objectivity.

Nevertheless, his efforts to clarify the values that generate and preserve the democratic way of life are eloquent, moving, and, in a philosophic sense, profound. He seems at times almost ready to identify the intrinsic virtue of democracy with virtue as Plato defined it—"a sort of health and beauty and good condition of the soul." He insists that political virtue does not inhere in any particular form of government but in the "communal psychology" of citizens who feel the "right" sentiment toward the "right" government. From this it appears to follow that civic virtues—loyalty, patriotism—are wrong or valueless when people feel them under a "wrong" (*i.e.*, authoritarian) regime. Mr. Woolf clinches this argument (or does he?) with the equally abstract generalization that "the esthetic emotion appropriate to a good picture, if felt for a bad picture, would produce nothing of intrinsic value."

IN THE second half of this third volume, where he turns from his philosophic defense of democracy to a philosophic indictment of modern authoritarianism, Mr. Woolf writes somewhat more succinctly and advances arguments that are significant and encouraging. In a modern, complex, industrialized society, he points out, millions of people must learn to perform responsible tasks that require judgment and decision. Such people cannot easily be held to the mute subservience once imposed on slaves and serfs.

Hence the elaborate dependence on

(*Continued on page 33*)



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Sade for Two Bits

There are now six little magazines in paperbound-book form, issued by four publishers, in the racks of the nation's cigar stores and newsstands. Geoffrey Wagner, critic and novelist ("The Venables," "The Passionate Land") gives them a critical going-over in the accompanying article.

By Geoffrey Wagner

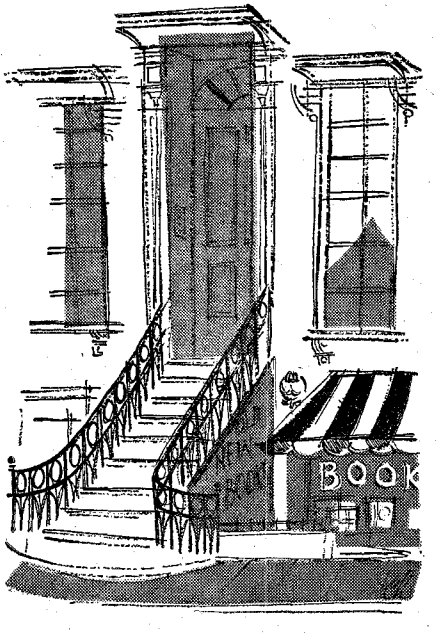
DURING the past two years the publishers of paperback books have accomplished a minor miracle: the popularizing of avant-garde literature. Hitherto the safeguarding of the experimental creative tradition in fiction, poetry, and literary criticism has always been the domain of the so-called "little magazine." But in spite of the fact that we have always been a magazine-reading nation (about 7,000 periodicals are published in the U.S. annually), our little magazines have never managed to achieve more than ephemeral success. In the 1840's *The Dial*, printing Emerson and Thoreau, could collect only 300 subscribers, and in the Teens and Twenties of this century Margaret Anderson subtitled her *Little Review* "the magazine that is read by those who write the others." Whatever its merits, the little magazine in America has always succumbed sooner or later to public apathy.

The publication by the New American Library, in April 1952, of "New World Writing #1" was a phenomenon of another order: a literary magazine aimed at mass distribution. Strictly speaking, the term "magazine" is not an accurate one, since "New World Writing" and all the other similar publications that have followed in its footsteps are pocket-sized books. Nevertheless, they have been conceived in the best tradition of the little magazine and, as a matter of fact, are threatening to do away with the little magazine in its old form entirely.

Other reprint publishers were quick to follow the New American Library's lead. In 1953 Pocket Books launched "discovery," Avon put out "Stories in the Modern Manner" and "Modern Writing," and Permabooks produced "New Voices" and "7 Arts." In all, this output to date comprises some 3,519 high-brow pages for a total of $5.25. Nor is the end yet in sight: if the publishing grapevine is to be believed, more pocket-sized little magazines will soon be made available at cigar counters all over the country. Perhaps the little magazine in its new format is not only here to stay but is also creating a new kind of reading public.

The first four issues of the "New World Writing" series, avowedly devoted to "fresh and risky talent," yield 173 extra-editorial items which break down to an average per issue of 16 examples of fiction, 20.2 poems, 1 play, and 5.5 critical articles (#4 also contains some graphic work). The new fiction, which is the heart of any truly experimental little magazine, is discussed much more fully below. Let it suffice for now to say that each issue of "New World Writing" has so far been distinguished by a catholicity of taste and the nobly high standard of most of its contributions. The criticism has usually been literary journalism of a high caliber, including sympathetic and valuable pieces on such writers as Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Lawrence, and Virginia Woolf. The poetry selected for issue #4 also impressed me very favorably.

While adhering more or less to the "New World Writing" formula, the other publications have thus far developed certain strong characteristics of their own. The otherwise delightfully got up "discovery" contains virtually no critical material and appears to be edited by a gentleman of arrogantly rigid opinions. He attributes the lack of criticism to reluctance on the part of the gifted writer to deal with issues that can be labelled "controversial." Perhaps there is some justification for this feeling, but with the exception of Winfield Townley Scott's excellent "mood" piece on Henry Beston the essays in all three issues of "discovery" seem to consist of little more than the lugubrious literary posturings of some local *enfants terribles*.



"New Voices" is also innocent of criticism and has limited itself to drawing exclusively on material submitted through New York's New School of Social Research, which the editor, Don M. Wolfe, defines as "America's most fruitful birthplace of creative endeavors." Such a restricted viewpoint, if applied to successive issues, will certainly stamp "New Voices" as the product of a most pedantic type of literary clique.

THE Avon magazine, edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, are presenting writers with whom we have become affectionately familiar in the pages of *Partisan Review*, an authentic and still flourishing little magazine. "Modern Writing" was especially distinguished by the inclusion of some first-class poetry. "7 Arts" has no fiction and is largely concerned with philosophy of the arts. It includes forty-eight fine reproductions and the contributors in several fields could scarcely be more distinguished: Frank Lloyd Wright, Aaron Copland, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Bertrand Russell, and Sean O'Casey, among others. There is plenty of controversial material in both issues: for instance, O'Casey's scathing piece on "The Arts Among the Multitude" and Gian-Carlo Menotti's "A Plea for the Creative Artist."

With the single exception of "7 Arts," the emphasis in all these publications is quite appropriately on the fiction. (There is still plenty of room for a pocket-sized magazine devoted exclusively to ideas, but none of the reprint publishers seems to have inclinations in that direction.) Some of this fiction, camouflaged under the conceit that femininity is perception, is not in need of support and should surely be relegated to the ladies' glossy press, where it properly belongs. After all, you can read the recurrent Gore Vidal or Robie Macauley without getting your feet wet. And there is nothing to disturb the heartbeat of a flea in Nadine Gordimer or Elizabeth Pollet. "My adolescence and the first years of war were

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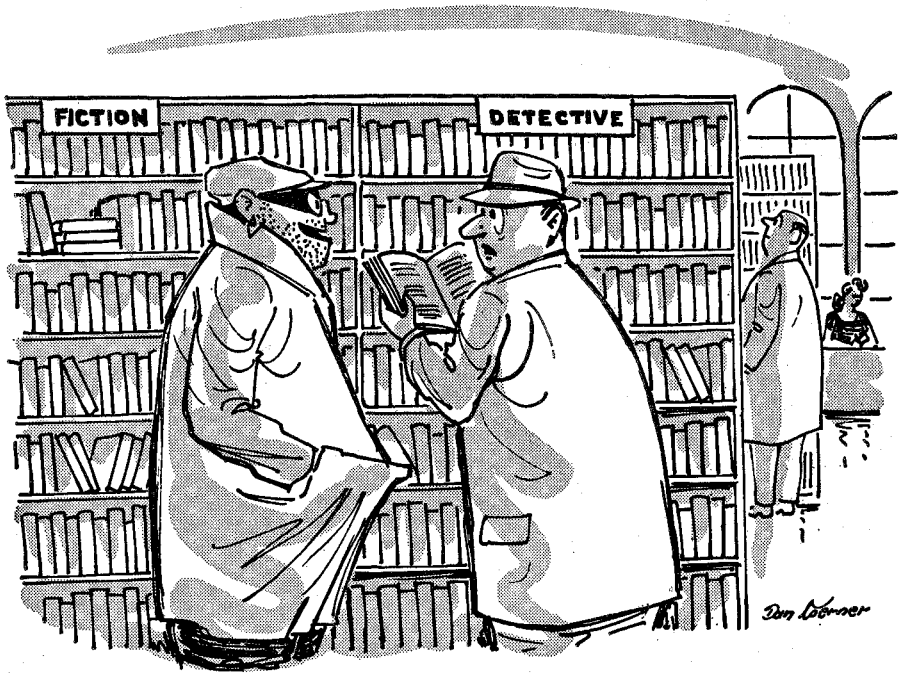
concurrent," Miss Gordimer begins in a facsimile of too many stories. "Both have a haziness of mind," one which it is a pity to inflict at length upon the reader.

It is said that the popular audience is being attracted to these paperbooks by the supposedly salacious nature of high-brow fiction. "Vital! Powerful! Frank!" is the slightly spurious lure of the cover of "New Voices" to the newsstand buyer. He might be adequately rewarded, I imagine, by the "New World Writing" story in which a girl who works in a factory is ravished 160 times in seventy hours by fifty-three youths in a "chess" club.

Indeed, if one can do no more than applaud the literary skill exhibited by the new fiction, one can yet note the weight of stories — in "New World Writing" particularly—relying on the macabre or perverse for effect. This is reaching the status of an avant-garde cliché and indicates, I think, a listlessness of vision behind a veneer of technical virtuosity. In a Hollywood garden a man drums on the roof of a doll's house where he has found his wife being seduced; a small boy runs his finger over the belly of a pregnant woman, who must then retire to the ladies' room; a crippled homosexual vagrant is burnt alive by his lover, the horn-playing night watchman of a garbage dump; and if that didn't *épater le bourgeois,* there is the young male "dancer" who finds a slaughtered baby, tootsies snarled in rubber bands, in the desk drawer of a seductive New York receptionist reading a bosomy historical novel.

These instances, all culled from "New World Writing," are no reflection on executant ability or editorial policy, but they do tend to turn into a formula as unconvincing as the "upbeat" ending of the slicks. For this reason, perhaps, I found myself especially admiring stories by Norman Mailer, Shelby Foote, William Styron, and Shirley Ann Grau, in which application to sensible life has demanded a certain maturity of outlook and a genuine effort of the esthetic will.



"'Well, let's put it this way: 'Truth is stranger than fiction'."

Contemporary bizarrerie can so easily become a glib alibi for creative fatigue, "the gilded tomb of a mediocre talent," as Logan Pearsall Smith would have put it.

The dominating theme in all this avant-garde fiction is undoubtedly rebellion, or at least non-conformity. The alienated individual is hero; the System is enemy. Idealism is expressed by opposition. Children formed the majority of sympathetic characters, with Negroes, soldiers, simpletons, and old ladies next. Two typical heroes were an incontinent maniac and a Negro convict. Whether this tells us anything significant about American society today I do not know, although it at least represents a refreshing change from the Pollyanna genuflection to the status quo performed so persistently by the slicks. But as regards literary values, the resolutely anti-authoritarian temper does make for a certain regularity, if not monotony, of symbolism. Rebels are always right, established authority always wrong. While children, frustrated soldiers, simpletons, Negroes, the tubercular, and the lame are good; schoolmasters, parents, high-ranking Army officers, policemen, warders, undertakers, and park attendants are generally bad. Jazz musicians, of whom there were a surprising number, are lyrical tragedians, "smiling on the outside, crying on the inside."

Possibly all this makes for a kind of formalism of its own, for the sorrows of the alienated individual, usually poor or lower class in these stories, are environmental in nature, whereas the despair of the rich is more often due to character. It is one thing to point out, as Mr. Wolfe persists in doing in "New Voices," that these New School writers have emerged from the lower strata of society ("Bishop's childhood on the Lower East Side was grim and ugly," gloats Mr. Wolfe); it is quite another to claim that a writer's work is better for it—a substitution, in fact, of ethical for esthetic values. One realizes what a handicap it often is for a new writer *not* to have come from the Lower East Side.

I do not wish to seem over-critical, but I cannot stress too strongly the responsibility these magazines owe both the sincere writer and the public. It goes without saying that experimental writing will inevitably produce a certain amount of pretentious balderdash. It seems to me, however, that "New Voices" is just the sort of thing the general public is looking for as an excuse not to take high-brow writing seriously. Nor should these publications rely too much on "names." One volume, for instance, reprinted two brief reviews by T. S. Eliot from 1918 and 1937, apparently just to acquire the master on its cover. Other obvious importations of "names" per se included a tastelessly pretentious piece by Tennessee Williams and a mawkish story by James Jones. It seems quite natural, of course, that editors should wish to scatter the established among the new, and articles in these magazines by Auden, William Carlos Williams, Thomas Mann, Margaret Mead, and the ever-sensitive Diana Trilling make one more than grateful that they have.

But the emphasis should remain on the new, the experimental, if pocket-

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THESE ARE THE paperbound books Mr. Wagner discusses in his article: **"New World Writing."** Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. New American Library. 50¢ each. **"Discovery."** Numbers 1, 2, and 3. Edited by Vance Bourjaily. Pocket Books. 35¢ each. **"Stories in the Modern Manner:** A collection of stories from the *Partisan Review*." Avon Books 35¢. **"Modern Writing."** Edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv. Avon Books. 35¢. **"Seven Arts."** Numbers 1 and 2. Edited by Fernando Puma. Permabooks. 50¢ each. **"New Voices:** American Writing Today." Edited by Don M. Wolfe. Permabooks. 50¢.

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sized publications are to preserve the little magazine tradition. Forty years ago new experimental poets like Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, Eliot and Pound were finding an outlet for their work in *Poetry* and other publications. Ernest Hemingway made his first appearance in a short-lived periodical called *The Double Dealer*. Such little magazines made it possible for these then obscure artists to get their work published, even if popular acclaim was distinguished chiefly by its absence.

The editor of the new pocket magazine has an open field and a reading public that now numbers in the hundreds of thousands. He is unhindered by advertising, an old bugaboo of magazine publishing, as witnessed by *The New Yorker*, where, as Cyril Connolly has observed, really disturbing literature cannot live alongside the perfume and cosmetic ads. In spite of my rather harsh criticism, I would say that on the whole the new magazines are off to an auspicious start. Some pieces of astonishing banality have gotten by, a few gorillas have wandered splay-foot through the grasses, but experimentation implies occasional failure. Nor is it always possible to distinguish between new writers of talent and integrity and the skilful literary poseur. It can certainly be said that, compared to our slick commercial magazines, the new venture has so far been a remarkable testimony to the vitality of contemporary American literature.

No Market for Rigor Mortis

Behind the paperbound anthologies with their "little-magazine" contents, which have found a far larger public than any little magazine has ever been able to reach, lies an interesting story of adventurous young editors and publishing houses employing enterprising new methods. Bernard Kalb reports on them in the article below.

By Bernard Kalb

JUST about the most exuberant, exhilarating, and enthusiastic editorial offices around New York City these days are inhabited by Arabel J. Porter, Vance Bourjaily, William Phillips, Philip Rahv, Don M. Wolfe, and Fernando Puma, who, among them, have been pretty much responsible for the appearance of "New World Writing," "discovery," "Modern Writing," "New Voices," "7 Arts," and "Stories in the Modern Manner from the *Partisan Review*." Much of their conversation is a nice cross-fertilization of optimism and statistics; a global check the other morning disclosed that their anthologies—paperbacks, they sell for thirty-five or fifty cents apiece—are doing splendidly. Further, their mail is getting heavier and heavier; it seems that every time a new collection of new writing turns up on the racks of the country's 100,000 outlets, manuscripts begin falling like confetti on the New American Library, Pocket Books, Permabooks, and Avon, which, among them, have published all these titles.

The other day Mrs. Porter, a chatty, cheerful woman who described herself as the senior editor of the "New World Writing" project, reminisced about the birth of #1. (There are now four volumes in all, with a fifth due next month.) She began by saying something about the spirit, the purpose, and the goal of her collections, then stopped short when she found herself loosely paraphrasing the preface to #1. Businesslike, she excavated a copy of the book from the manuscripts on her desk and read from the preface itself.

"Ours," she began, "is not a capricious project, but the result of long and earnest urging by American book publishers and book readers ever since 'Penguin New Writing,' edited by John Lehmann, ceased publication in England. The New American Library was once closely identified with 'Penguin New Writing,' and therefore feels qualified, with the blessing of John Lehmann, to re-create, in an American frame of reference, a counterpart of that international publication." She went on to note that one of "New World Writing's" purposes was to provide a kind of showcase for new, genuine, promising, vigorous talent—no more, no less. Moreover, by publishing their works, she added, writers who had never been heard of before would find themselves side by side with writers who had, like Christopher Isherwood, Tennessee Williams, and Rolfe Humphries, all of whom appear in #1. "It's a sort of vicarious literary salon," Mrs. Porter concluded, again immersed in the preface.

She then batted out a batch of statistics: Each of the first four volumes of "New World Writing" had had an average printing of about 150,000. #1 had had a second run—25,000. After its appearance in April 1952 about 200 manuscripts, mostly fiction and poetry, began coming in. Much of it had been passed along by agents, but writers weren't at all bashful about sending in their own work themselves. As for payment, "New World Writing" computes its checks on a basis of two-and-a-half cents a word on a printing of 100,000. Additional payment is made for everything over that number.

"New World Writing's" aspirations turned out to be pretty much shared by "discovery." Vance Bourjaily, editor of "discovery No. 2" (he and John W. Aldridge launched "discovery" last February, but Aldridge later dropped out), said it was his paperback's goal to fulfill at last the terms of the American writer's idea of a magazine: large audience, fair pay, and the freedom to write as he pleased. No. 1, he reported, had a printing of 150,000; it appeared early last year. It sold, as they say, like hot cakes; six weeks later a second run of 50,000 was scattered around the country. Mail sacks began piling up outside his door. "Poetry, stories, articles, everything!" he recalled. "We even got a piece called 'Is Rigor Mortis Really the End?' Couldn't use it," he muttered.

LIKE any self-respecting editor, Bourjaily had a batch of statistics of his own at his finger-tips. "Discovery No. 2" had a run of 200,000; No. 3, which appeared a few weeks back, also ran in an edition of 200,000. No. 4 is scheduled for next fall. "Discovery" pays three cents a word, with extra royalties thrown in if the sale should go over the 200,000-mark. To date, the biggest check has gone to William Styron for his "Long March": it came to $725. The average check, by contrast, is approximately $120. Poetry is worth fifty cents a line. "discovery," buying for one issue at a time, would like to keep its manuscript costs to $2,500, but Bourjaily said he was prepared to spend another $500. His story of "discovery" was full of applause for Pocket Books, his publisher, for the absolutely free hand it had given him.

At Avon, which has been working hand-in-hand with the *Partisan Review* on its two anthologies ("Modern Writing" and "Stories in the Modern Manner"), there was a good deal of jubilation. Editor-in-Chief Charles R. Byrne divulged that sales were good,

(*Continued on page 29*)

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The Literary Tumbleweed

From the twenty-odd Western stories issued thus far this year, Seth Agnew picks half a dozen he believes offer entertainment of a superior order.

By Seth M. Agnew

AS A MATTER of fact, back when the American West was new, they frequently did go "that-a-way," with the posse hot after them. They did stand off whooping hordes of Indians; and they did mete out a rough-and-ready justice with flaming Colts. Cattle spread across the grasslands, later to be driven back by the fences of homesteaders and farmers. Cities and towns were born, some to flourish, some to wither into ghosts as suddenly as they once had boomed. The Indians, once rulers of the land, were bullied, cajoled, and tricked into reservations. People starved, people were scalped; people made fortunes, people went broke; there were violence and hardship and courage in the face of them.

The writers of Western fiction are, for the most part, frankly writing stories of adventure and action. And of these commodities they find a rich source in settlement of the West. Increasingly, however, it is their pride to write with authenticity, to create characters and situations which truly reflect the old West. The Western story of today may deal with the chase and with gunplay and with violence, but it is a story well told, against a background carefully researched for detail and accuracy.

The first three months of this year, for example, have produced some twenty-five or thirty new books of Western fiction, and I would draw your attention to some half dozen of them as being good specimens of top-notch Western writing—in fact, as being good specimens of tautly-written adventure fiction no matter what the setting.

The Western town in its mushroom growth was likely to suffer more than its share of growing pains. This was the land where the law of the courts was spread pretty thin, and it was often up to the town to make and enforce whatever law there was. **"Midnight Creek,"** by A. M. Bell (Crowell, $2.75), tells of the vigilance committee which was formed to bring order to the mining town of Emma in the Territory of Idaho. A refreshing note in Mr. Bell's story is that the citizenry who form the committee are ordinary townsfolk, farmers, and miners who do what they must, finding the violence with which they must fight violence only slightly less distasteful than the crimes they are suppressing.

Perhaps because the short story is usually concerned more with incident than with fully developed plot, some of the best Western fiction is to be found in this field. Scott Meredith has put together an anthology of eleven Western short stories which have appeared in recent years, **"The Bar 3 Roundup of Best Western Stories"** (Dutton, $2.95). Here are represented such master storytellers as Ernest Haycox, Noel Loomis, Dorothy M. Johnson, Jack Schaefer, writing of cavalry, of Indians, of homesteading, of gunfighting. There is no lack of action in these stories; but there is also no lack of the convincing detail which makes the reader feel that "this is how it must have been—this is how it was."

A fine, tough story of cattle and of the men who worked them is Clay Fisher's **"The Tall Men"** (Houghton, Mifflin: clothbound, $2.50, and Ballantine: paperbound, 35¢). This is a tale of an epic drive of 3,000 head of Texas cattle north and across the plains and mountains to Montana. The time: the 1860's; the obstacles: Indians, rustlers, weather, the land itself. Mr. Fisher's tall men are the Texan cowhands who took the herd through; in his telling they are both tall and alive.

Nearly everyone has heard the ballad of "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard." Frank Gruber's **"The Bitter Sage"** (Rinehart, $2.50) imagines one Wes Tancred similarly tagged by a popular ballad for his killing of Sam Older, bandit and murderer, late of Quantrill's Guerillas. In point of fact, Tancred killed Older in a fair fight. He tries vainly to escape his reputation until at last he stands his ground in lawless Sage City, and with some fast and violent action restores the town and the name of Tancred to respectability. In Tancred's story Mr. Gruber has a novel twist which he has worked out with skill.

AFTER the Civil War many men, both of the North and of the South, turned their eyes to the new land of adventure and opportunity in the West. **"Ride the Dark Hills,"** by W. Edmunds Claussen (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), tells of a New Orleans gambler who followed the cards and his luck to a mountain ranch in Arizona. To hold his newly-won land, he must fight off both miners and rival cattlemen. Here, perhaps, is more standard fare in Western fiction; but here, too, there is a feeling of the lusty, brawling frontier where a man had often to fight to hold his own.

"Tough Hand," by Wayne D. Overholser (Macmillan, $2.75), is a hard-hitting novel of range-grabbing and of the smoldering feuds of the big cattle owners. More than is usual in Western writing, Mr. Overholser has given his characters emotions and passions, fear, greed, cowardice. With thorough, sometimes brutal, efficiency Jim Sullivan cleans up the town of Bakeoven and the Rampart Valley. The rights and wrongs of the struggle are balanced by half-rights and half-wrongs.

These are brief notes; there are other stories, some of them perhaps just as good. But if you're looking for a good tale of action and adventure, try one of these.

—From "Hear the Train Blow."

"Prelude to Pay Day"—"violence only slightly less distasteful."

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Prophet's Progeny

"Many Heavens," by Virginia Sorenson *(Harcourt, Brace. 352 pp. $3.75), deals with a triangular affair in the land of the Mormons.*

By Oliver LaFarge

VIRGINIA SORENSEN's full-bodied novel, "Many Heavens," is a real technical achievement. She has written a novel of character growing out of an initial, triangular situation that could easily be hammy, placed in a setting of deeply Mormon Mormons, without letting the setting run away with the story, without triteness, and without lag. Twenty-four hours after finishing the book, when one has been removed enough from the familiar spell of a good tale to start analyzing the mechanics, it becomes surprising that during the reading one could have been so merely engrossed.

Mormons are as little known, the true quality of Mormonism as little understood, by the mass of Americans as are the character and customs of the remotest tribe of Indians. Utah displayed the main features of any pioneer community; in addition, in many ways it was entirely unique. Our minds contain a confusion of a desperate sort of pioneering, no smoking, and something between a farce and a horror of polygamy.

Polygamy is what comes first to most of our minds when Mormons are mentioned. The Gentile, on first landing in Utah, tactfully avoids the dreadful subject—until he finds that it is openly and frankly discussed. He comes expecting Puritanism, and he finds a real Puritanism that practises generous hospitality, cultivates music, dancing, and the theatre, and is charged with the vigor and pride of having conquered the most forbidding of wildernesses barehanded. It is a rather bewildering experience, and probably no one not reared in the faith and in that special culture, as Mrs. Sorensen was, could ever justly expound its virtues and its vices.

When a writer sets a novel of character among such a people he exposes himself to many dangers. It would be so easy for the setting to run away with the show. "Many Heavens" tells a story that could never have happened except among Mormons; the plot is the inevitable product of its locale, and every use of local color is germane. It is a surprising plot. On the face of it, the outline of the story is complex, the undertaking daring.

Virginia Sorenson—"solid, honest."

This one sees in retrospect; as one reads, the narrative seems quite simple.

The writing is without tricks—good, straight narration, unafraid of description yet never slow, complete in the treatment of scenes and development of major, secondary characters. The story is told from the point of view of a single character and in almost pure chronological sequence. It is solid, honest work.

This reviewer tends to recoil from the mere mention of "regional writing"; the term is so often used to excuse second-rate work trying to get by through the use of local color, or, in the little reviews, delicate stuff that is all bouquet and no body. If there were more regional writing of the quality of "Many Heavens," he would have to forsake one of his favorite and casual prejudices.

Norah Lofts—"timeless integrity."

A Suffolk State

"Bless This House," by Norah Lofts *(Doubleday. 285 pp. $3.50), is the story of a great English country house and of the people who lived in it through 375 years.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

IN 1577, one Thomas Rowhedge, sea captain, having plundered to his Queen's advantage a richly-cargoed Spanish vessel, was rewarded by his grateful sovereign with a tract of Suffolk land, and here was built Merravay, the stately and lovely house whose story, and that of the people whose lives were bound up in it for the next 375 years, is told in Norah Lofts's latest novel. "Bless This House" is a series of beautifully interlocking episodes, covering the period between the reigns of two Elizabeths. It is only incidentally an historical novel, because its emphasis is on the personal and human drama, the loves and hates and hopes and fears of the people who were connected with the house, and who were ambitious or selfish, brave or cowardly as people are whether the matters of State are concerned with Kings or Congresses, and with witch-hunting or Communists. The vivid and colorful background of the times casts its hues on the house and its inhabitants, but never primarily as historical drama; it is the backdrop against which Merravay stands with some changeless, timeless integrity of its own, through changing customs and through adversity and prosperity. Something of the permanence of the English countryside is there, and of the continuity of the generations, with the descendants of those who saw the rosy bricks of Merravay rise, built in the form of an E to compliment the Queen, still carrying on the old names and trades when in 1953 an American Thomas Anderton (whose middle name is Rowhedge) comes back, all unwittingly, to the home of his Anglian ancestors.

Each of the eight episodes is narrated by a person whose life has been intimately connected with Merravay, and they form a continuous story, intricately but credibly interwoven through the years. There was Jon Borage, the frustrated scholar turned carpenter who designed the house for his friend Thomas Rowhedge, whose tragedy was to learn that the first mistress of Merravay was to be his own love, Elizabeth Sheply, and whose despair left its icy breath to

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be felt by future generations who had never heard his name. And there was Lady Alice, "The Witch of Suffolk," Elizabeth's granddaughter, who died in prison of a mad dog's bite (a Familiar of the Devil, everyone said, sent to keep her from death at the stake), and whose black horse still thundered on dark nights through the Suffolk lanes, two hundred years after. And there was Phyllis Whymark, ex-barmaid, who bought Merravay when the Royalist estates were confiscated and sold for a song and whose son, with more right by blood than the world knew, finally inherited the great house. And there was George Sandell, who paid for Merravay with his honor and integrity. And Charlotte, the gentle and sensitive Victorian girl who married a later Sandell and through whom at least one of Merravay's unhappy ghosts found peace. And there were the lean latter days when Merravay was a guest house, and a club, and came near to dissolution. And there is the happy ending, which this reader, among many, I suspect, is glad that Mrs. Lofts was unable to resist.

"Bless This House" is an extraordinarily engrossing book, carefully and ingeniously plotted and beautifully written. Norah Lofts is a born storyteller, and her chronicle of a house and its people is memorable not only for the brilliance of its range and the poignance and drama of its human protagonists, but for her gift of making manifest that quality of the vitality and personality of a great house, a house which was far more than simply an ordered arrangement of brick and timber.

An Old Order Disordered

Boris Watson's "Former People" *(John Day. 213 pp. $3.50) is a story of the seclusion on a great estate outside Moscow of a motley group of aristocrats and artists escaping from the Communists. Here it is reviewed by Marc Slonim, author of "Modern Russian Literature."*

By Marc Slonim

THE "former people" referred to in Boris Watson's new novel are a group of Russian aristocrats and intellectuals of 1920 who escaped from the horrors and pressures of the Bolshevik Revolution to a manor some thirty miles from Moscow, a vast estate built more than a century ago by the nobleman Sobakin, an admirer of the English style. Its lawns and drawing rooms offer isolation and security despite the vicinity of the Red capital. Its last owner, Sergei, had been exiled to Siberia by the Czar, a circumstance which helped him in obtaining from the new Government an appointment as forester and supervisor of the very land he once possessed. Protected by this official position he opens the doors of his ancestral home to a motley crowd of ruined relatives and friends. They range from an old prince who dreams of antiquated methods of husbandry to a St. Petersburg professor who talks philosophy and takes care of his mad wife. Mild eccentrics and kind hearted idealists, Sobakin's guests are unable to cope with practical issues. When a cock's crowing keeps them awake at night they discuss the matter from all points of view but do not dare to wring the bird's neck. Their main occupation is to talk about a great variety of subjects while sipping raspberry-leaf tea. They would have starved to death but for Akulina, Sobakin's old cook, who established a system of barter with peasants and exchanged rings, jewels. and dresses for potatoes, flour, and occasional chunks of meat.

In the outside world there are mass executions and brutal violence. Bolshevik inspectors—one of them a member of Sobakin's family—raid the manor. A general who conspires against the Communists surreptitiously visits the estate. The Soviet leaders in the near-by village are murdered by their rival—but all these vicissitudes do not change the passive attitude of "former people." They do not do anything. They simply wait until the Communist regime will collapse under the weight of its own iniquities, and only when the manor is about to be taken over by the authorities and turned into a school do some of them finally decide to emigrate abroad to escape the revolution.

The inhabitants of Sobakin's estate are conceived and drawn as descendants of those "superfluous men" whom many Russian writers, from Turgenev to Chekhov, have always chosen for their heroes. Mr. Watson, however, shies from the tradition of detailed realism or psychological portraiture. His book is not a serious novel but an album of light charcoal sketches, mostly caricatures. A reader who knows that intellectuals and aristocrats were instrumental in creating Russian culture should not be surprised if he finds that Mr. Watson's professors and princes talk like high-school boys and behave like sentimental adolescents. His world is one of naive grotesques, of exaggerated, highly unrealistic situations which have the atmosphere of vaudeville skits.

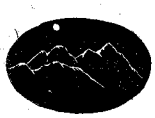
Boris Watson certainly is well

(*Continued on page 27*)

Valley Beyond the Mountain

By Martha Banning Thomas

THIS AIR which has riffled the water and dropped to the meadow,
Is held for a little, between the enveloping hills,
In a light roving freshness, a gush and a movement
Which flashes in gold, and mercury silver, and spills
On flannel-gray mullein stalks standing like indigent friars
Or monks in charge of a tumbled and frivolous crowd
Given over to moods of changeable temper and sparkle,
While crickets and grasshoppers rise in a chittering cloud.



Colliding and falling through grasses.
And land-winging sea gulls
Are briefly supported; they lie on the banks of the wind,
Resting their feathering oars, then plunging and pouring,
They skim the low edge of the breeze which the hemlocks have thinned
And winnowed through branches.
The gaudy bright moment is ended,
The transient breathing of sea-air is drawn and expended.

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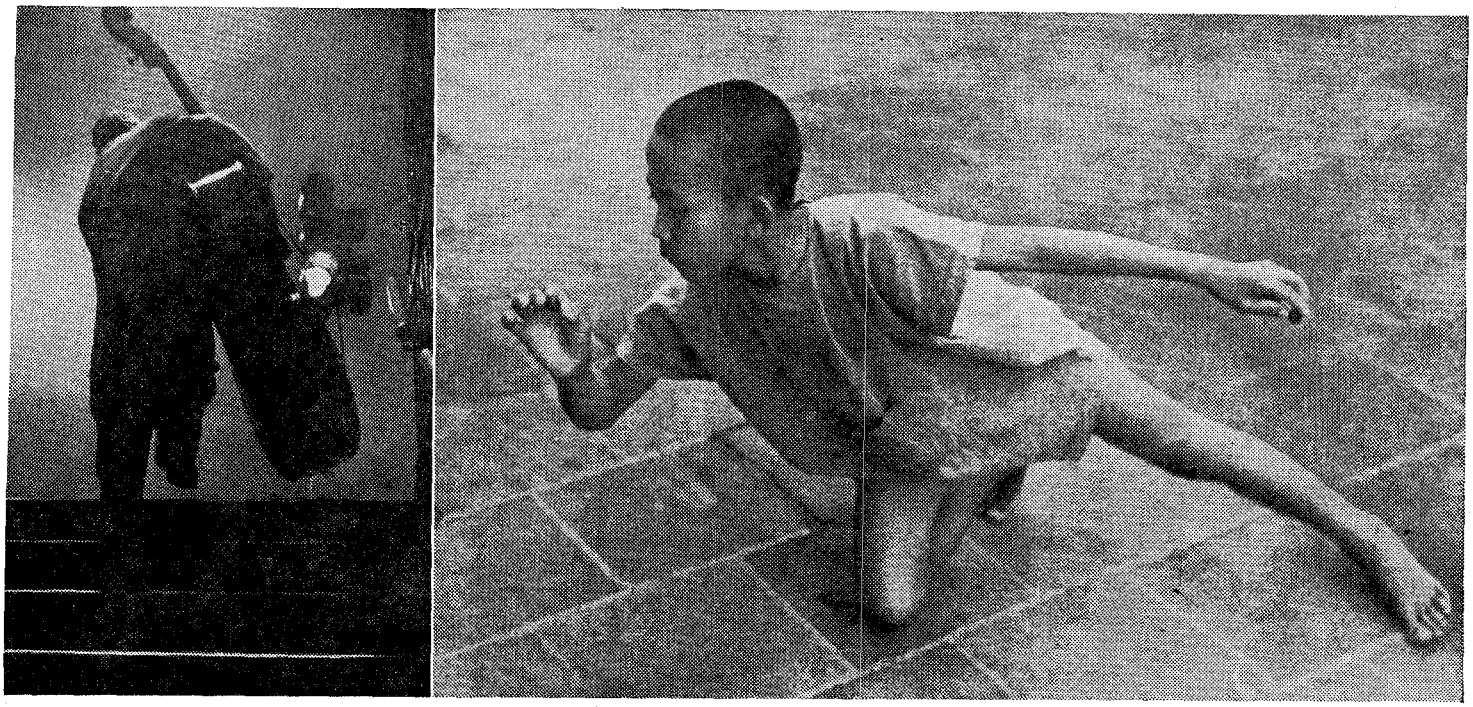

—From "U.S. Camera 1954."

"Man with Cello" (Robert Frank) and "Javanese Boy" (Gotthard Schuh)—"over a billion pictures a year."

Emulsions of Life

"U. S. Camera, 1954," edited by Tom Maloney *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 424 pp. $7.95), is an album of outstanding recent photographs of all types, the work of cameramen in this country and abroad. Below it is reviewed by the well-known American photographer Ivan Dmitri.*

By Ivan Dmitri

NOT counting myself, there are 39,999,999 camera enthusiasts in the United States. We take pictures at the rate of 3,300,000 per day. The grand total is over a billion pictures a year. Any attempt to select the best of all these would be an impossible task, but Tom Maloney has selected some for presentation in his recent book, "U. S. Camera, 1954."

Packed in some 400 large pages of pictures is a true cross-section of photography today, reflecting the creative spirit most of us possess. It would seem all the world is camera conscious. In addition to the photographs by Americans, there are scores more in two other sections. "International Photography" and "The News in Pictures."

The International section provides a number of examples of design in line and pattern. I cannot be impressed with the abstract pictures, which appear to me in the main labored and flat. However, a surrealistic photograph by Holland's Paul Huf, showing a figure in the far distance through a series of arches, although certainly planned and studied, comes off and is a delight to the eye.

Also in the International section are contrived two arrangements—of ballet shoes with hats, dressmaker's dummy with a railing—neither of them particularly interesting nor to be compared with the spontaneity and human emotion packed in Robert Frank's photograph of a musician with a bulky bass viol hustling up a flight of steps, apparently late to the concert, or Werner Bischof's "Famine in India," reflecting so realistically a group of hungry natives pleading for food.

"U. S. Camera, 1954" reveals that photographers everywhere are becoming more capable at catching the moods and experiences of life. The trend both in this country and abroad seems to be developing towards a more honest expression of the scene or the fleeting human emotion.

The American section has many fine pictures that linger in the memory. To mention a few: W. Eugene Smith's close-up of the bowing head of Dr. Albert Schweitzer; Laura Gilpin's "Meeting in a Hogan," showing the intent expressions of Navahos listening to a speech—a most difficult situation to photograph. And perhaps the prize of the entire book should go to a young photographer, Elliott Erwitt, for "Expectant Mother." Only the picture, not words, can express such fine, sensitive feeling.

A NOTABLE contribution by an American is a photo-essay about Africa in monotone and color by Eliot Elisofon. It is unfortunate that more color reproductions wer not included since nearly as many color pictures as black-and-white are being taken today. The combat photographs taken in Korea are vital and alive. It's too bad the Army photographers risking their lives to take these pictures were not individually given credit.

In Erwitt's photograph, and in other fine photographs throughout the volume, the cameraman has apparently worked with freedom, spontaneity, and ease. The camera is not as rigid an instrument for picture-making as one might imagine. In the hands of the novice, of course, it remains a mechanical device capable of giving pleasure and some release to the creative urge. But in more experienced hands it can become almost as flexible as the artist's brush.

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How to Fix a Snap

"Successful Photography," by Andreas Feininger *(Prentice-Hall. 249 pp. $3.95), is a volume for the aficionado, offering counsel on what to avoid as well as what to undertake. Our reviewer, David E. Scherman, is a* Life *staff photographer and co-author of "Literary America," an album of American literary scenes.*

By David E. Scherman

ANDREAS FEININGER, whose books "Advanced Photography" and "Feininger on Photography" put him in the very front row of lucid commentators on the subject, has now brought out in "Successful Photography" a sort of omnibus presentation, within reach, for a change, of the average aficionado's pocketbook. Its value to thoughtful picture-snappers lies not so much in its exposition of teaching technique as in its author's willingness to forget technique in favor of imagination at the drop of a flashbulb. Feininger is probably the least dogmatic, yet most explicit, middle-of-the-roader in the "how-to" field. Know-how, says he, must always be complemented by know-what and know-why.

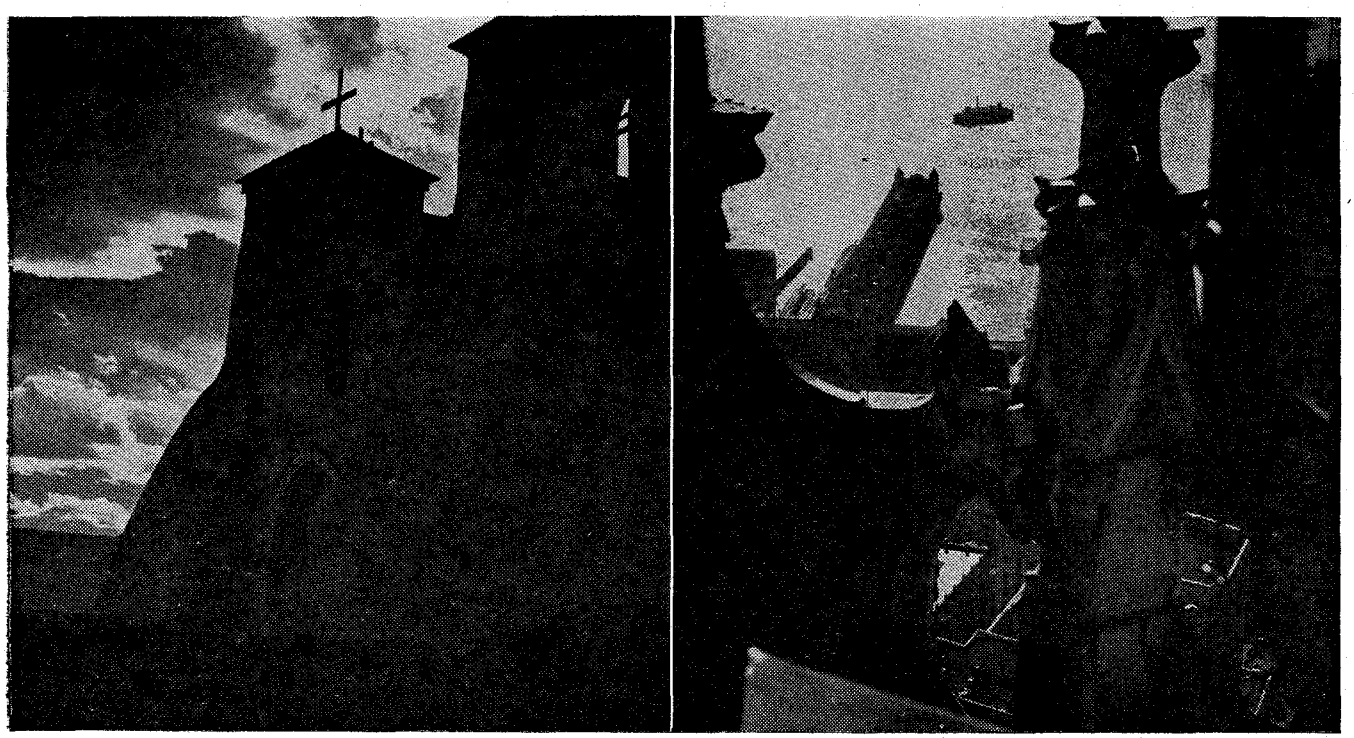
To the end of know-what and know-why, the author, whose vast competence as a magazine photographer is belied by the sparseness of illustrations in this budget-conscious book, has added to his technical chapters two thought-provoking ones—the first on the value of experiment and the second on the philosophy of photography, a personal Feininger credo of usefulness with which it is hard to disagree. A third chapter, on "learning from mistakes," well documented with some common and unusual howlers, completes the really new material.

As it is to any successful cameraman, photography is to Feininger a means to an end, but few are as able as he to express what this end is: a picture with a purpose and a meaning. The purpose is the conveyance of an understandable message, and the meaning is the content of this message. The more original the idea behind this content the more stimulating the photograph. With the wealth of original motifs existing in nature, fair game for the imaginative photographer no matter what his physical equipment, it is unbelievable to our author that prizes are awarded to an endless succession of clichés: "Pattern shots of rows of empty chairs, coils of heavy rope, bums with beards, spectacles on open books, gnarled hands folded in simulated prayer, fake monks dressed up in burlap, and nude girls with rubber balloons." Far more honest and useful to the taker is a good album snap of Cousin Ella at the beach. This, at the very least, is evocative of nostalgia if nothing else.

As the ability to spell and use grammar are basic symbols to a writer, so the "symbols" of gray-scale, perspective, and motion, to name a few, are basic to a "photographic literacy." Subjects that lend themselves to the use of such symbols, the so-called "photogenic" things with depth, roundness, contrast, central interest, and form, are to be sought after. All others, no matter how attractive to photographic "illiterates" they may seem, should be avoided. This is fine advice and so much the more welcome for its rareness.

The purpose of most "how-to" books is to grant the hopeful reader the ability to do, make, speak, cook, see, visit, or eat practically anything within the scope of its syllabus. Too seldom does your *vade mecum* say, "That!—for goodness sakes, don't bother with it!" Nowhere more fittingly than in photography does this admonition apply, for there is little question, at least in this reviewer's mind, but that the difference between the successful professional and the plodding amateur lies in the pictures the former doesn't bother to take while the latter painstakingly, tediously, does. Discrimination, selection, and the limitations of the medium, says Mr. Feininger, are the starting points of the creative cameraman, and condensation and stylization the

(*Continued on page* 31)



—From "Successful Photography."

"... things with depth, roundness, contrast, and form are to be sought after."

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The Saturday Review

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The Period of Total Danger

THE POSITION of the United States in the world today can be summed up in ten words:

The United States has entered a period of total danger.

Here are some supporting facts:

(1) At a time when Americans should be closing ranks and working together in facing up to the roughest and toughest crisis in our history, we are indulging ourselves in the luxury of political shin-kicking and head-knocking. The obscene exploitation of national issues by political racketeers concerned solely with personal power has damaged the national health and safety. What America needs most is not a slugging match between Democrats and Republicans—or running gun-battles within the parties themselves—but common purpose, common dedication, common sacrifice.

(2) The hydrogen bomb armaments race is on in full force. This is not a conventional arms race in which a superior stockpile affords some margin of security. Only a relatively small number of hydrogen bombs, delivered on target, can produce wholesale devastation.

(3) The United States has no adequate defense against hydrogen or atomic attack. Present-day warfare favors hit-and-run tactics. With the best defense known to military science today, it is still possible to get through a substantial number of attacking planes or guided missiles. Our principal defense is largely limited to the striking power of massive retaliation.

(4) Because of the concentration of its population and industry, the United States carries a higher war hazard than any major nation in the world. No other nation has as many vital targets to protect. America's potential enemies are largely agricultural. The theory of massive retaliation must take into account the scattered populations of those nations. It should also take into account what happens before retaliation.

(5) The U.S. Air Force has sighted unidentified flying objects over parts of the United States. Until we make positive identification of such craft, we cannot carelessly assume that they are without military significance.

(6) Preventive war is no solution. As President Eisenhower stated, it offers a glib but preposterous answer to America's dilemma. The Red Army is poised on the fringe of West Europe. The moment a war begins the Red Army would pour into Europe. The atom bomb or the hydrogen bomb cannot be used against European cities for the purposes of liberating the people of those cities from an invader.

(7) NATO is still more of a question mark than a heavily muscled fact. This should be taken into account in any "easy out" theories of preventive war, quite apart from the prodigious moral factor involved.

(8) Asia is slipping away from us. Russia is picking up cheap propaganda victories because she identifies herself with the efforts of Asian nations to achieve national independence after more than a century of outside rule. If one more populous Asian nation should go under, then Communism would control a majority of the world's peoples.

(9) Russia is preparing for various types of showdowns in the world, of which armed force is only one. She is preparing for an economic showdown, convinced that the American economy cannot find a stable level but will vibrate itself to pieces between ups and downs. She is also preparing for a showdown for peoples, convinced that once she speaks for the majority of the world's peoples the United States will be left all dressed up with fancy armaments and no place to go. The consequences of American unpreparedness on these levels can be even more damaging than military unpreparedness.

(10) The fact that we have entered upon a period of total danger is no warrant for defeatism. Critical though our situation in the world may be today, it is also true that no people in history have had more to bring to a major test than we have today. The idea and name of America still have the ring of magic for many millions of the world's people—despite the ominous spread of anti-Americanism in many areas of the world.

THERE is hunger for moral leadership. The response of a large part of the world to the April 16, 1953 speech by President Eisenhower before the American Society of Newspaper Editors was a case in point. In that speech the President called for a world community under law. He correctly said that for the first time in human history it was now theoretically possible to provide for the basic needs of human beings on earth. But we were not now doing this because so much basic energy and resources were being drained off by the need for vast armaments in an insecure world.

Since that speech the American Government has made it clear that our best chance for combating aggression—and, therefore, our best chance for applying the genius of science to the making of a better world—is by bringing about a rule of enforceable law in the world.

Inevitably, this means a much better United Nations. The American proposal for a Review Conference of the United Nations is an important step in that direction. Whether it is possible to make such a fresh start inside the U.N., given the present divisions in the world, is difficult to say. But the United States could seize moral initiative in the world by identifying itself dramatically with the effort to invest the U.N. with responsible powers—powers to enact, interpret, and enforce world law.

Freedom—for us or for anyone else—cannot thrive in world anarchy. Our advocacy of world law to replace world anarchy may be our most powerful weapon and asset. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS TRADITION

While those of us who walk in the free church or liberal religious tradition may be small in number, we are proud that men such as Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Adlai Stevenson have been associated with that tradition. Thus it is all the more disturbing that such a distinguished magazine as *The Saturday Review* would completely ignore the liberal wing of American Protestantism, Unitarianism and Universalism, in its Guide to Religious Books [*SR* March 6].

Your review might have included such spring publications of the Beacon Press as these: "Man Against the Church" (The Struggle Between Religion and Ecclesiasticism), by Duncan Howlett; "Religion Without Magic," by Phillips Endecott Osgood; "The Human Tradition," by H. J. Blackham; and "In Quest of a New Ethics," by Charles Mayer. . . . I would be willing to leave the final choice to the critics, but please include a review or two which might offer "spiritual succor" for the religious unorthodox.

Donald R. Stout,
First Unitarian Church.
Louisville, Ky.

OBTAINING THE OFF-BEAT BOOK

N.C.'s editorial calling on the book publishers to "retool" [*SR* March 6] is most welcome. . . . A surplus of time, money, or formal education has never robbed me of sleep. Yet, in spite of the close pursuit of the weekly paycheck, I have accumulated a great many volumes simply because I love books and make an effort to acquire them. However, in most cases I cannot obtain a book locally, unless it is a guaranteed or "pushed" best seller, in which instance I can depend on a cheaper reprint or book-club selection being on the market in short order. The less publicized book I have to order either directly from the publisher or through one or two local book outlets. All this to obtain something I wanted in the first place and did not have to be induced to buy, in an age where sales promotion, advertising, and distribution are key words!

Ann Thomas.
Miami, Fla.

PREACHMENTS OF MATURITY

William S. Lynch's review of the Overstreets' "The Mind Alive" [*SR* March 6] ruefully notes that such books are "produced with a high degree of regularity" and that "much of this is familiar." But though by now "all of us should know" the elements of mental health, he concludes that the saturation point cannot have been reached, since "anyone who has worked in the field of education or guidance is constantly being horrified by the life-long difficulties imposed by the ignorance of some parents and teachers."

Is it not possible that most problem parents and teachers likely to read these books know the basic dos and don'ts of mental health, but can't help giving way to damaging emotional reactions when confronted with the exasperating behavior of their children? The Overstreets, "suggesting emotional attitudes," make the same error they deplore in that classic parental admonition, "You should love your baby sister, Johnnie." Demanding love does not create it, and may make it less likely. Urging admirable emotional attitudes as mature similarly should not be confused with achieving them. Our anxiety at the gap between the preachments of maturity and the actuality of our reactions to two or three—or six—children about 5 P.M. may make natural positive feelings less likely.

Peg Bradner.
Foxford, Mass.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith
"And the prospects! By 1956 this country will need—for crackers alone—"

THE ROOTS OF DELINQUENCY

Croswell Bowen's article "Why They Go Wrong" [*SR* Feb. 27] hardly "points to some answers" in anything more than a very scattered, superficial way. At times when he seems to be nearing some of these "answers" he immediately jumps away and goes back to the common mistakes that are always made in any so-called study of juvenile delinquency.

The biggest error that is made by teachers, parents, and the authorities is to mistake the symptom for the disease. Clearly the child who blames "bad companions" for his difficulty is not aware of why he is attracted to these companions. Somewhere in his personality these companions serve a purpose, albeit a misguided, neurotic one. Children who act in a dissocial or anti-social manner are trying to satisfy some inner need or impulse. They have not learned how to do it in a social way because their emotional education has been thwarted somewhere along the line. Thus, they choose a dissocial means of gaining satisfaction. Punishing the child for his acts will hardly bring results.

This matter of people needing to belong to a group is certainly something of importance. Everybody belongs to a group of some kind, and the group one chooses is governed by many things. Children who are angry and discontented or frightened will pick a group of angry, discontented people who react to their fright and anger in a violent manner. This very violence is in protest against the underlying feeling of weakness and fear.

The only real answer to the problem is a program of emotional and social re-education. Psychiatry and psychoanalysis enable us to understand more fully the real roots of these dissocial, unhappy children. It seems that it is only through the application of these principles that emotional re-education yielding some permanent results can be achieved. However, there is the rub. Trained people are scarce and clinical facilities are scarce. The answer does not lie in building more play facilities but in building more clinics and staffing them adequately. Teachers, playground directors, and youth activities directors should all be taken into the scheme and given some training in order to be able to understand and handle the children properly.

Stanley J. Geller, M.D.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Lay on Macheath!

". . . genuinely exciting piece of theatre . . . a masterpiece."

WHAT a wonderful surprise it is for a reviewer to return from London and Paris and find right in his own backyard such a genuinely exciting piece of theatre as "The Threepenny Opera." This musical comedy written by Kurt Weill and Bertold Brecht in 1928, and now adapted lovingly into English by Marc Blitzstein, completely captures its audience from the instant the curtain of Greenwich Village's Theatre de Lys rises and a tattered but elegant streetsinger moves slowly and deliberately along a London street to sing with malicious hoarseness:

O the shark has pretty teeth, dear,
And he shows them pearly white;
Just a jackknife has Macheath, dear,
And he keeps it out of sight.

This "Ballad of Mack the Knife" is sung to music as flamingly contagious as any tune ever written for the non-operatic stage, and most of the audience would have been satisfied to listen to it for two hours. But dramatically the ballad's great value is that it tells us that we are to be offered both a romantic and a harshly realistic view of life simultaneously.

Since we live in a rich country at a prosperous time, the romantic view will tend to predominate. We will enjoy the gaiety of a dashing Macheath, the broad humor of the operation of an organized beggars' racket, the quaintness of a wedding supper conducted with awkward elegance by a band of uncouth cutthroats, a picaresque chase which leads through the London underworld to Newgate prison, and a merry ending which kids the old-fashioned operetta.

But spiking and adding character to these events is the author's awareness of the tragic contradictions that attend the struggle for power and survival in this life. J. J. Peachum, who has found that the secret of his beggars' syndicate is that "the powerful of the earth can create poverty, but they can't bear to look at it"; Jenny, who can daydream of nothing better than having a pirate ship come and blow up the whole business and carry her off fully revenged for the indignity and misery that has been heaped upon her; Mrs. Peachum, who understands the contrast between delicate sentiments of love and the cruder demands of sex; her daughter Polly, who can love Macheath in that "anywhere-you-go-I-will-go-with-you" way and at the same time reconcile herself to becoming his widow and inheriting his estate; the police commissioner, Tiger Brown, who cannot bear violence or cruelty when it is put on a *personal* level; his daughter Lucy, who turned down the good men who made her feel a lady only to be ruined by a rogue who didn't; and finally Macheath himself, with his slavishness to social habit and to the amenities of life which finally interferes with his business ruthlessness.

The songs employed to make these comments are distinguished beyond their individual pleasantness by an economy that keeps their romantic quality dry of mush. In addition, Mr. Blitzstein has most appropriately inserted a song from "Happy End," another Weill-Brecht show. This is "The Bide-a-Wee in Soho," a number telling of Lucy's ability to find the acme of pleasure in a tavern whose principal virtues are a smelly alley, nasty words scrawled on the door, and beer puddles on the floor.

UNFORTUNATELY, all of the performances in this necessarily inexpensive production are not first rate. Some of the actors sing better than they act. However, this is a defect that will be lessened through steady work. Scott Merrill, who in the past has been one of Broadway's top dancers, is just beginning to get some of the comedy out of Macheath, and the adorable Jo Sullivan only really gets at the meat of Polly's character in her songs. However, Lotte Lenya brings a wonderful Old World sadness to the role of Jenny, and Charlotte Rae as Mrs. Peachum exhibits a comic technique that compares very favorably with the late W. C. Fields. Gerald Price, who plays the streetsinger, is one of those actors whose personality glows the instant he sets foot on the stage, and much should be heard from him in the future. Beatrice Arthur, "a big complete girl," has a winning directness in her one solo describing her deviation from "the perpendicular."

William Pitkin has designed a smooth-working series of curtains which move forward and backward as well as sideways, making it possible to keep the action moving at a constant pace. Carmen Capalbo's direction is ingenious at moments, though it sometimes lacks the kind of authoritativeness than can come only with experience. Samuel Matlowsky's eight-piece orchestra sounds as full as one three times its size and makes an overwhelming contribution to the show's success.

While there are some who will quarrel with such materialistic philosophy as "even honest folk may act like sinners unless they have had their customary dinners," it will be hard for anyone to refute the final bitter stanza that so truly describes a society that tends to divide the world

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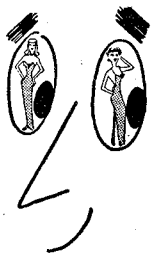

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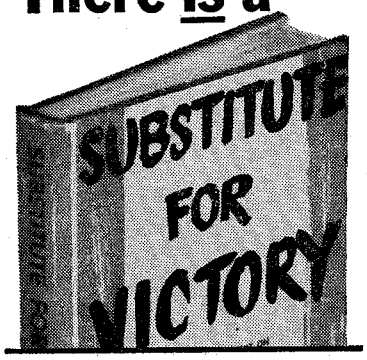

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into villains and heroes, and insists on happy endings:

So divide up those in darkness
From the ones who walk in light.
Light 'em up, boys, there's your picture,
Drop the shadows out of sight.

"The Threepenny Opera" is a theatre masterpiece, and Mr. Blitzstein and the production's sponsors are to be thanked for making it available to New York theatregoers who may find a trip to Christopher Street the most rewarding of the season. I did.

THERE is another musical show to be found south of 14th Street which I would prefer to at least one on Broadway. This is the Phoenix Theatre production of "The Golden Apple." Written by John Latouche and Jerome Moross, who previously gave us "Ballet Ballads," it is lovely to look at and to listen to, although its characters and story tend to stay fairly remote. In attempting to retell the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" in a more colloquial form, the authors have set themselves an impossible goal in terms of narration. And in having nothing but songs from start to finish (there is not one word of spoken dialogue) they have taxed not only their own ability to invent and vary, but the audience's satiety.

Yet moment by moment, bit by bit, there is much to be said for the result. John Latouche has flashes of lyrics that almost live up to the promise he showed in "Cabin in the Sky"; Jerome Moross has written at least one catchy tune called "Lazy Afternoon"; Hanya Holm has given a unity to the events by the choregraphic style she has introduced, and Alvin Coit's 1900 costumes combine with some handsome but simple settings by the Eckarts to give a visual splendor to the proceedings.

The cast includes many solid performers including Priscilla Gillette as Penelope, Bibi Osterwald as Lovely Mars, Kaye Ballard as a "very physical slightly aphrodisiacal" Helen, and Stephen Douglass as Ulysses. Happily, "The Golden Apple" also includes a good old-fashioned musical-comedy man, Jack Whiting. As Hector, he brings the show actively alive with his song about the corruptness of all men except noble people like you and me.

Unfortunately, Hector and the effective satirical numbers which lampoon some of the clichéd dreams of our time don't show up until the second act. They become thus part of the gold on the outside of an apple that is better looked at than bitten into.

—HENRY HEWES.

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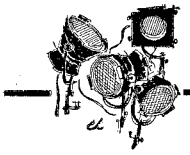

TV AND RADIO

Notes from a Traveler

CHIEFLY because I have been traveling, my homework in radio and television has been neglected, but in between journeys I did manage to catch one of the two exquisite moments of television (from 1945 to date). It was on one of the few really bad Durante shows, with Bankhead and Carol Channing, the former acting as "straight-man" for the latter. As if in desperation, Durante sat down at a table, took off his hat, and sang "The September Song." That's all; there was no production once he got started. He sat and (as Walter Huston before him) croaked-sang the lament of the years; and in the room where I caught it, five people, of various ages, different experiences and backgrounds, were held in perfect enchantment.

The other of the two great moments occurred some months ago, when Alistair Cooke memorialized Dylan Thomas on "Omnibus." A photograph of the poet occupied the screen; Cooke spoke a few words, and then Thomas's own recording of his poem about his father was played. As the words reached us, the photograph diminished in size, went into the background, on its way to death; when the poem was ended, the picture disappeared. I do not think anyone who saw and heard this will ever forget it; and I recommend it to the maniacs for "production."

Travelers discover what everyone who stays home knows. In these disjointed notes I am putting down what was new to me and, I think, relevant to our business, which is looking at broadcasting with a critical eye. In the city of Newark, Ohio (population 31,000 in 1950), I made a discovery about television by becoming familiar with the workings of the local radio station. It is independent, unaffiliated, and fills its time either with local originations or transcriptions; it uses no network material. Local sports events and regional ones (Newark is in the Columbus area) are very popular; telephone quizzes and other programs to get local listeners work out well; the station has good news coverage. It flourishes. And one reason it flourishes is that the merchants of Newark are unable to use for advertising the television stations to which the citizens of Newark tune in; they can't afford the cost of time and the waste of advertising on the Columbus stations.

The time may come when a town of 30,000 will have its own TV station, but one sees it more as a relay than a point of original creation; the local merchant will cut in with his commercials as they now do on multiple-sponsored radio programs; but one doubts whether the costs of even simple local programs in television will be met. Another question is purely economic. If in five years, let us say, Newark has virtually abandoned radio in favor of television, and has no local TV station, what happens to the local merchant who wants to advertise his goods? (I said it was a question; I know no answer.)

At several points in my travels I found a pattern of listening different from others I have known and conspicuously different from the one I reported on recently—my own when, being slightly ill, I just let the darn thing stay on for hours, not even bothering to change from one station to another until compelled to by a really objectionable program. Perhaps because on my trip I was a guest and not taking a busman's holiday, watching television was highly selective, and when a wanted program was over the set was decisively turned off. I found this refreshing, a kind of assertion of independence; I found it also a clue.

If you have ever been called up by a rating service, you will remember the second question: "To what program are you listening?" I suspect that no one ever answered, "I am hearing the Mishmash Hour, but I am *not* listening to it." Yet this is exactly what happened in millions of homes where the radio was turned on and left on, listened to by one member of a family, heard by three others in the family.

Now as far as the sponsor was interested, this hearing without listening was as good as the closest attention; the name of his product sounded loud and clear, penetrated to the subconcious of the non-listener, did its appointed work. But for the program maker, this form of reception, which you can call "favorable apathy," isn't at all the same thing as the reaction of the listener who chooses a specific program and banishes everything else from his mind so long as the program continues. And the observer interested in the social effects of broadcasting must also take the two kinds of reception into account. For when a sponsor says he has a rating of 65 and this means that 65,000,000 people like his program, he can be corrected—his rating is right, but it may mean that only half of his 65 million like the program, the other half do not dislike it enough to turn it off.

It comes down to this. When a broadcaster says, "We give the people what they want," the translation should be, "The people would rather have something than nothing, so we give them something," and, "The people don't dislike what we give them," and, "The people like what we give them better than anything else available at the same moment," and, finally, "A large number of people really do like what we give them so much that they'd rather have it than anything else in the world." The last group is probably larger than all the others combined; but the others are a formidable number and they make an important correction to the widely accepted concept of numerical popularity.

—GILBERT SELDES.

THE KIND OF SKILL the NBC Television Opera Theatre has developed in producing an ambitious musical work was impressively demonstrated in the scenes from Vittorio Giannini's setting of "The Taming of the Shrew," given as the March production in the winter's sequence. This was, after all, not a repertory work whose familiar problems could be appraised at leisure and revalued in terms of the unfamiliar idiom. It was a tricky study in condensation, exposition, and summation, which could hardly have been more professionally done.

However, the work itself did not quite justify the effort expended on its behalf. Giannini has as much skill in setting words, organizing an orchestral embellishment, and balancing the mechanical elements of an operatic score as a composer need have. In addition, he has a sophisticated sense of what a voice can do advantageously. But the end product is too much of a composite to serve as the expression of an individual.

John Raitt and Donald Gramm were outstanding among the performers, both as vocalists and as intelligible transmitters of the English text. Sonya Shallen, who sang Kate, was almost wholly unintelligible, though she has a strong soprano voice with future promise. Peter Adler conducted with a full sense of the values in the music, and the results left little doubt that Giannini's score was fairly heard and also found wanting in the substance, variety, and individual style required in a work of this magnitude.

—I. K.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Classics from France and England

"DIARY of a Country Priest," a French movie made from the George Bernanos novel of similar title, has been tardy in finding its way here (it gathered many accolades and prizes in Europe as long ago as 1951) but time has failed to darken it. Robert Bresson, the director, is already famed abroad for this film and two others; there can hardly be a doubt, after seeing "Diary of a Country Priest," that he is extraordinarily skilful and sensitive and that the motion picture is his natural artistic medium. It seems that he began as a painter and turned to films after being encouraged to do so by René Clair. Carl Dreyer's "Day of Wrath" and Jean Renoir's "Grand Illusion" are the movies that I think of for purposes of immediate comparison with "Diary of a Country Priest," not at all because of similarities of story or technique, but because the accomplishment seems to me to be on that high level. English critics have, in fact, spoken of Dreyer as Bresson's influence, but it now appears that he saw none of Dreyer's work until after he had completed this movie.

It tells the story of a young priest who, upon his first assignment to a country parish, encounters the hostility of his parishioners and finds himself physically weakened by a stomach disorder that will not abate. These aren't the only problems that plague him. The fortress of his faith becomes shaken, the doubts cause him anguish; he finds himself possessed of an immense spiritual and physical loneliness. Against all this he continues to struggle until the moment of his death. He dies, still hardly more than a boy, neglected, unappreciated, and suspect of secret drunkenness. It is left up to the audience to decide whether or not he left behind him some spark of faith, some tiny miracle to light up the warped, crabbed community.

The movie can certainly be construed as dealing with religious faith, and the Roman Catholic faith in particular. Throughout there are elements of Catholic mysticism portrayed, and churchly symbols are used much as T. S. Eliot or Graham Greene have used them. The priest, for instance, suffers constant pains associated with eating, and eventually the only diet that assuages the pains is bread soaked in wine. This dark brew can be seen as having a symbolic purpose quite beyond that of physical nourishment. But one needs neither to be religious nor steeped in religious mysticism to be moved by the human story of a priest's anguish. The young man may be taken as a member of that small community of the pure in heart. His purity is pitted against a bleak environment; obviously, a perfectly valid dramatic subject.

The movie does demand some willingness from the viewer to add his own interpretive abilities to what is shown. Simple as the story might appear to be on the surface, there is uncommon subtlety in the treatment. No scene is fully completed until succeeding scenes have cast an illuminating perspective upon it. The movie does make the demand of absorbed attention; both the mind and the emotions are being appealed to. Our cinema habits have long been used to a sort of comic-strip clarity, and it is quite possible that "Diary of a Country Priest" calls for the exercise of faculties more often required by the serious novel.

Claude Laydu, a young Swiss actor, plays the priest with great expressiveness, and the camera work is a constant marvel of unobtrusive film composition. It seems to me that we have here an example of movie-making on the highest possible level; a notable technique wedded to an austere and searching subject. This subject, it must be said, has its painful aspects—the non-Catholic mind, in particular, may find the priest's passivity disturbing—but the uncompromising artistry of Bresson brings the portrait quite out of the sectarian and into the universal.

* * *

A movie that deserves more space than is left to give to it is a British version of **"Pickwick Papers."** The select organization of well-to-do bachelors organized by Mr. Samuel Pickwick is here put through its paces by Noel Langley, who both directed the movie and wrote its screenplay. The latter project was a heavy undertaking. Well over six hundred pages of rambling comic adventure had to be compressed into a running time of less than two hours and welded into something of a plot. Mr. Langley has accomplished his task with something, I suspect, that is close to nobility. He has had every consideration for the famous Dickens characters, and for our own feeling about them. He has even, wherever possible, made his scenes match the Phiz illustrations that accompanied the original issue of the "Papers" in instalment form. The casting is extraordinarily good and does practically no damage to our conceptions of what Pickwick and company looked like.

The treatment of the story is necessarily episodic, and yet we can discern a theme running through it all. For Mr. Pickwick, that kindly stout gentleman (James Hayter plays him, down to the last ounce), runs afoul of the due processes of law, chooses the debtors' prison rather than give up his principle of fair play, and learns of a seamier side to existence than what his rosy-hued vision had hitherto shown him. Rapscallions, he had known, existed, for he had already encountered the charming and untrustworthy Mr. Jingle, but misery, pure and unadulterated, was something else, and he is eventually moved to a more charitable view of the Mr. Jingles of the world. Comedy the picture remains throughout, but towards the end a more serious tone gives an edge to the humor.

I must confess to some disappointment with Harry Fowler's Sam Weller; he seemed too strident, too all-on-a-level to me. But then I doubt that anyone could quite get across the true nature of that noble Cockney. The other characters come through admirably, however. Nigel Patrick's Mr. Jingle is a masterpiece of comic portrayal, and he must have devoted considerable study to the telegraphic mode of speech Dickens gave him in the book. There are fine, hilarious moments provided by Joyce Grenfell as Mrs. Hunter, and Hermione Gingold as Miss Tompkins, mistress of the girls' boarding school. There are others, too, who deserve prominent mention: Donald Wolfit and James Donald among them. But you are probably aware by now that this is another in the series of excellent Dickens adaptations the British have been sending us. I'll merely urge, benevolently, that you go see "Pickwick Papers" and enjoy yourself.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this column Mr. Alpert is taking an extended leave of absence from* SR GOES TO THE MOVIES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bellini and Berlioz, Also Mattiwilda Dobbs

ACCORDING to Lilli Lehmann, who could do both, it was harder to sing one Norma than the three Brünnhildes. This has always seemed something of a questionable *obiter dictum,* until one heard Zinka Milanov —who doesn't sing any Brünnhildes— try to cope with the requirements of Bellini's writing in the current restaging at the Metropolitan. Even with the action split into four parts, rather than the two specified by the composer, Milanov's endurance was sorely taxed by the all-out demands of a part which is now lyric, now dramatic, and always florid.

There may have been mitigating factors (the previous day's dress rehearsal was badly affected by the "work stoppage" of the stage hands). If so, one hopes that Mme. Milanov will, in the future, sustain the level of the best, pianissimo, parts of her "Casta Diva," while remedying those which were crude and off center tonally. Elsewhere she sang some passages with ease and flexibility (especially in the lower range) while either gliding over difficulties in the upper range or giving forth a cry of desperation rather than a B flat or a C.

Dramatically, Mme. Milanov was— as the polite phrase has it—statuesque, even when not on the pedestal provided in Charles Elson's druid haunt and rock-cavern quarters. It has its share of ramps, to the benefit of Dino Yannapoulos's "groupings," but at other times the action was impeded by the gingerly tread of performers not quite sure where the next step down, or up, might be.

Considering that "Norma" is, for most theatres, a work everyone admires but few perform, it was sturdily sung by the chorus trained by Kurt Adler and well played by the orchestra under the attentive direction of Fausto Cleva. Both Gino Penno (Pollione) and Fedora Barbieri (Adalgisa) showed more power than suavity in their performances. Penno, who looks well and sings with musicianly intent, lacks the vocal control to make the effect for which he is striving, and Barbieri's impact is excessive in a role requiring a compliant nature rather than her dominantly aggressive one. Outstanding, as might have been expected, was Cesare Siepi, who rolled forth the music of Oroveso with superior effect. Maria Leone caught the ear with the sound of her voice in a small part.

Perhaps the main thing about "Norma" is that it has been absent from the Metropolitan repertory for ten years, and it is much too fine a score to be silent so long. Furthermore, nobody can learn to sing music of this special character, save by singing it; this, at least, the new production has made possible.

To judge from the preview offered in Carnegie Hall, by way of a performance of the complete "Romeo and Juliet," this summer's Berlioz festival at Tanglewood by the Boston Symphony Orchestra promises to be something that Americans would go thousands of miles to hear, especially if it was in Rouen or the Loire valley. Let us hope they will not discriminate against the Housatonic, for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Berlioz's birth will not occur soon again—nor the riches of repertory promised.

Charles Munch's performance, with Mary Davenport, alto, John McCollum, tenor, and Yi-Kwei Sze, bass, had its absorbing aspects, especially where Berlioz's genius was functioning at full force: in the superb ball music, the inspired love scene, the magical Queen Mab scherzo. Elsewhere, which is to say, in those passages where an interpreter's penetration would have been contributory, it tended to bog down and lose momentum. Unquestionably the loose construction of the score, with its comings and goings of solo singing, choral music, and instrumental writing, makes an imperfect whole; but Munch did not divine Berlioz's purpose, so to speak, where it was not clearly set forth.

This conjecture became a conclusion near the end of the love scene, when Berlioz's great melodic invention is menaced by interjections in the strings, trills, and mutterings. The levels of prominence can be arranged so that the melody streams on, serenely, despite the threats to it. With Munch the stress was on the objections rather than on the thing which triumphs over them—which makes no special sense, musical or otherwise. Mechanically, the performance was of a high order, with Miss Davenport a self-possessed (perhaps too self-possessed) mezzo, the other singers satisfactory, the choral discipline good.

IN A WEEK that offered such uncommon experiences as "Norma" and the Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet," a concert performance of Strauss's "Ariadne" in Town Hall might almost pass unremarked were it not that it introduced Mattiwilda Dobbs as Zerbinetta, with Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra. Preceded by no little anticipation, Miss Dobbs charmed both the knowing and the unaware by her fluency, assurance, and musicality. Hers is basically a lyric soprano voice with an overlay of agility (such as all voices were supposed to possess at one time), making for a dazzling effect in the intricate air called "Grossmächtige Prinzessen." The words of the English translation by the Meads were generally suitable. There should be a place at the Metropolitan for Miss Dobbs, whether or not she is a member of the Negro race.

Lest it be supposed that Miss Dobbs sang "Ariadne" all by herself, there should be mention of Marquita Moll, who had some good pictorial qualities to offer as Ariadne, also some vocal limitations, and Edith Gordon, a remarkably good singer as the Naiad. Set Svanholm was a temperate Bacchus. The general direction of Scherman was enthusiastic, but insufficiently in control of subtleties— intonation, phrasing, balance—for a score of this musical fineprint.

Guido Cantelli had one of his less relaxing evenings as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in a Carnegie Hall program that offered Jascha Heifetz as a soloist in the A minor concerto of Bach and the E minor of Mendelssohn, a Vivaldi concerto, and the B flat (K. 287) Divertimento of Mozart. That degree of musical culture and experience which can settle, almost instinctively, on proper tempi and sonorous values for such works as the Vivaldi and Mozart are not yet his. Moreover, after a rather plodding performance of Bach, in which Heifetz was almost blanketed, the violinist seized the initiative in a playing of the Mendelessohn in his manner, rather than the conductor's. On the concert stage, as in the army, rank has its privileges.

Cantelli's deficiencies were most apparent in the Mozart Divertimento, of which almost all the movements were too fast and nervous, overaccentuated, lacking lilt and songfulness. Indeed, the variations of the andante sounded like something out of Tommassini's "Carnival of Venice" designed to show off string virtuosity rather than Mozart's spirited wordplay in music. Finally, by omitting the second minuet Cantelli made a mockery of Mozart's purpose in writing a slow introduction to the finale—as, in the revised sequence, the finale was itself preceded by a slow movement.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Fiction

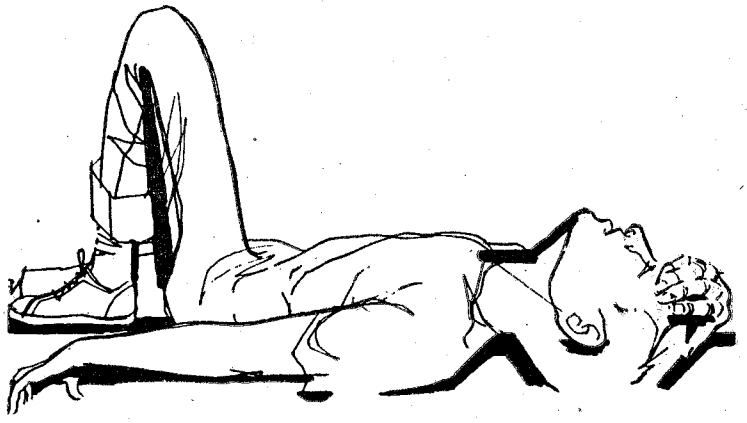
Continued from page 17

endowed with an observant eye and a sense of humor, and parts of his book (his first novel) are amusing and entertaining. He knows how to tell anecdotes, and some of these are pretty successful—but they remain static and one-dimensional and never rise to the level of a comedy of manners or of a satire. Whenever the author attempts to convey some deeper meaning in his superficial tales he becomes clumsy and shows bad taste, particularly in the last chapter, where the history of Sobakin's estate is brought up to date. He is much better when he stays within his modest limitations and keeps to casual narrating of droll incidents for the sake of those readers who like the fictional breed of funny stories about "crazy Russians."

Notes

HUNTING ALL OVER: In his latest book, **"The Glorious Mornings"** (Scribner, $3.75), Paul Hyde Bonner is standing on much more solid ground than in either of his best-selling novels, "SPQR" or "Hotel Talleyrand." This is because Mr. Bonner's love for the outdoors is a much more genuine emotion than his romantic penchant for Continental intrigue. His characters here ring true, whereas his beautiful spies, scheming aristocrats, and idealistic politicians do not.

"The Glorious Mornings" is a collection of twelve outdoor stories having to do mainly with fishing (for trout and salmon) and shooting (at ducks, geese, grouse, deer, and one luckless woodchuck). Mr. Bonner has apparently been at this sort of thing since he was fourteen and he knows what he is talking about. The stories, even when not very good, all bear the stamp of authenticity, whether they are taking place in the woods and fields of New England or among the hills and streams of Scotland, Ireland, and Italy. Because I have an almost shameful weakness for stories about clairvoyant animals, I was particularly attracted to two of these tales: "The Rajah's Rock," an engaging Irish piece about a leprechaun disguised as a braying donkey, and "Mollie," the story of a precocious mule that learns how to point better than any local canine. Perhaps the best of this collection is "The Pump House Key," in which the author draws upon childhood memories for a story about a small boy who breaks some strict parental rules in order to eliminate the



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local pest, a wily old woodchuck. Only two or three of the items, especially a short one entitled "Made to Measure," seemed pointless.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

EVIL VS. GOOD IN ARABIA: The rugged territory between the Sahara Desert and the High Atlas Mountains makes a scintillating backdrop for Hammond Innes's latest tale of cosmopolitan cross-purposes. The action of **"The Naked Land"** (Knopf, $3.50) is played out in a primitive country that is volatile in two distinct ways: landslides and Berber nationalism both combine to keep visitors stepping lively. In the midst of this unpredictable mountain scenery, Mr. Innes arrays the customary forces of good and evil. On the side of decency are Philip Latham, a smuggler turned missionary, Jan Kavan, a Czech scientist on the lam, and Ed White, an American archeologist. The principal bad guys are a Tangerois double-dealer named Kostos, and a fanatical Berber chieftain called Ali d'Es-Skhira. Both factions ultimately find themselves contending for the same prize—ownership of an obscure piece of land—but from widely differing motives.

In spite of its intriguing recipe, "The Naked Land" somehow fails to realize its full potentialities. Kavan, Latham, and White are never quite believable, hence the reader's sympathies remain dormant. The pace of the novel is torpid, making almost tedious what should be suspenseful. Mr. Innes does a fine job of creating a realistic Moorish setting, but what

happens there lacks the compelling excitement of his previous novels. "The Naked Land" does have a couple of bright spots (especially one in which a Berber mob considers dismembering the protagonists) and these will have to hold Mr. Innes's fans until the master's next effort.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

MANHATTANITE PLUS SCULPTOR: It seems only yesterday that one read Mrs. Keogh's first novel, "Meg," a delightful study of an adolescent girl. It was an honest book, horrifying and moving. Since then, not counting "The Fascinator," she has published three novels. In them she extended her studies of adolescence and deepened the horrifying note. They appeared in six countries and received a favorable press abroad; yet Mrs. Keogh's literary reputation has never solidified. Perhaps she has published too fast. At all events **"The Fascinator"** (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.50) is an extremely well-written novel, complete in itself, and yet wilfully limited.

The fascinator is a Yugoslavian sculptor with a spot of gypsy blood. He has put aside his art for fashionable success. Past middle age, he suffers from a disease which has grossly distorted his features, but he is dark, foreign, and powerful. And he exudes animal magnetism. The object of his fascination, Ellen Hunter, is the ideal all-American cosmetic-ad girl, "a sleek, well-coordinated animal, with phantasy but no conclusions." She is too mindlessly in love with her own physical well-being and youth to have noticed that she lacks an iota of morality, while Manhattan fails to give her the sense of community, of belonging-to-a-place which might have compensated for this lack. One wonders why it takes 250 pages to bring the fascinator and his prey to the inevitable studio couch.

Variety without depth might be a way of defining Mrs. Keogh's literary quality. The streets, fashion shops, markets, night-clubs, and apartments of her New York are vividly real. Wave after wave of delighted recognition breaks upon one while reading this novel, copiously illustrated by her husband's splendid line drawings. "The Fascinator" throngs with a marvelous gallery of Manhattan types taken from the fashion-art world and its hangers-on.

But when Mrs. Keogh strives for an effect or attempts to *write* a descriptive passage to the hilt her style almost always falters, slurring off into banality or a curious mechanistic grotesqueness. Usually she limits her subject matter to what she can do faultlessly. One wonders, however, if Mrs. Keogh will ever write a really important novel.

—ELEANOR M. SCOTT.

TROUBLED TELEPATHY: A crackerjack telepathist could easily find himself moving in faster company than that of Aldous Huxley and Dr. Rhine. Especially if his receptivity were stepped up a few thousand volts beyond the elementary (or playing-card) stage, and if it only vibrated when he was thoroughly potted. Such a high-proof wizard is Harry Browne, about whose misadventures Geoffrey Kerr has fashioned a Wodehousean extravaganza entitled **"Under the Influence"** (Lippincott, $3.50). Young Browne is assistant cashier of a London bank, and a part-time seer to whom other men's thoughts have the same affinity that lint has for blue serge. This elusive gift of his tends to land Browne in a continuous series of deadfalls, particularly in view of his habit of answering unspoken questions.

The biggest of Browne's headaches transpires when, sensitized by three double-Scotches, he picks up a murderer's thought waves. He is able to communicate the significance of this information only partly, since the stodgy police are disbelievers in extrasensory perception. Mr. Kerr allows his hero to simmer deliciously in his own juice before finally extricating him. In the course of these pleasant proceedings the reader is introduced to a brace of winsome characters, whom Mr. Kerr limns with just the right flair for good-humored caricature. "Under the Influence" may not be one of the weightier contributions to the literature of thought transference, but it is certainly one of the most hilarious. —M. L.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Signpost," by E. Arnot Robertson. 2. "A Place to Stand," by Ann Bridge. 3. "The House of Strangers," by Edith Simon. 4. "The Strange Life of August Strindberg," by Elizabeth Sprigge. 5. "Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell," by Viola Meynell. 6. "The Hidden Land," by Ursula Graham Bower. 7. "Troy Chimneys," by Margaret Kennedy. 8. "The Candle's Glory," by Sylvia Thompson. 9. "Fantastic Holiday," by Berta Ruck. 10. "The New Rich," by Naomi Royde-Smith. 11. "Quartet in Heaven," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. 12. "The Echoing Grove," by Rosamond Lehmann. 13. "To Bed at Noon," by Marjorie Bowen. 14. "One Fine Day," by Mollie Panter-Downes. 15. "Mrs. Tim Flies Home!" by Dorothy E. Stevenson. 16. "Beyond Euphrates," by Freya Stark. 17. "A Woman as Great as the World and Other Fables," by Jacquetta Hawkes. 18. "The Shelbourne Hotel," by Elizazeth Bowen. 19. "The Great Corinthian," by Doris Leslie. 20. "The Emperor Constantine," by Dorothy L. Sayers.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1043)

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On none of these expeditions are we supposed to stop. . . . As sure as we spread a blanket and take out the sandwich boxes, a militiaman will pop out from behind a haystack, telling us to move on, that we are in forbidden territory.

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No Market

Continued from page 14

surprisingly good. "Stories in the Modern Manner," for example, appeared last June in a printing of 100,000; a month later another 50,000 had to be rushed throughout the USA. What is more, Byrne was happy to report that a second collection of stories in the modern manner ("We'll probably call it 'More Stories in the Modern Manner'," he said) would be out next month.

AS FOR "Modern Writing," it appeared last October in a first edition of 115,000 copies; a second "Modern Writing" is scheduled for next fall. Byrne said he thought collections of that kind would become increasingly popular, adding that Avon very definitely would be able to bring out a "Modern Writing" a couple of times a year. The *Partisan Review*, he went on, was paid a flat fee for its editorial assistance in selecting the manuscripts; it also handled the cash to cover the cost of the manuscripts themselves. In all, costs came to $4,000 an issue.

Byrne then struck a philosophical note. "These people who appear in 'Modern Writing' are in many ways the very heart of writing," he said. "They *deserve* an audience in the hundreds of thousands. Also, every publisher in the reprint field is gradually growing up and feeling more of an obligation to the people who buy his books and to his own line, too. It has something to do with prestige." While he was at it, Byrne disclosed that the publishing of both "Modern Writing" and "Modern Manner" was known around the office as "Keeping-the-Editors-Happy-Project." "It's healthy," he said, "to have something to keep their higher editorial faculties in good shape."

Permabooks wound things up by contributing details in its two collections. About 100,000 copies of "New Voices" had been sold to date, or just about the number published. As for "7 Arts," it appeared in an edition of about 100,000, followed by a second run of about 65,000. It has been doing very nicely, to the extent that Puma, its editor, is in Paris these days collecting material for "7 Arts No. 3." As for No. 2, it appeared last month. At Permabooks, just as at the New American Library, Pocket Books, and Avon, there appeared to be no doubt at all that these anthologies had become fixtures of the country's literary scene, which, the millions who have been buying these books will tell you, is exactly as it should be.

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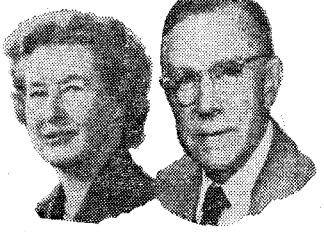

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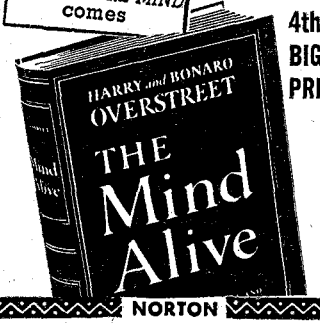

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Just Published

MANY of the volumes described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

BHOWANI JUNCTION. By John Masters. Viking Press. $3.75. The fourth novel in Mr. Masters's human comedy of India. This one is set around the time of that country's independence, and concerns the attempts at adjustment within a moiling country, of the daughter of a railroad engineer, who is two parts English, one part Indian.

THE BLIND MAN. By Walter Jens. Translated by Michael Bullock. The Macmillan Co. $2.50. A short German novel about a forty-year-old schoolteacher who suddenly goes blind. He retreats into his pain by playing an endless game with miniature bricks, in which he traces out the lives of those close to him. He is rescued from this negative release by an old man, a survivor of a concentration camp.

CASINO ROYALE. By Ian Fleming. The Macmillan Co. $2.75. Espionage and counter-espionage, done up in patent leather, and carried on over the gaming tables of a French casino. The English secret-service fellow finally wins out over the Communist agent, but not before he has been knocked deadly a few times, spent a lot of money, and lost his girl, whose name, by the way, is Vesper Lynd.

CAVE DRAWINGS FOR THE FUTURE. By Abner Dean. The Dial Press. $3.50. A new collection of cartoons of those bare-bottomed people Mr. Dean likes to draw.

THE CITY AND THE WAVE. By Jon Godden. Rinehart & Co. $3. A new novel by the author of "The Peacock." It is set in an unnamed city in the East, and concerns the doings of a lonely half-caste, who out of pity takes into his one room a sixteen-year-old girl. A baby results, a promised tidal wave does not come, and the sun rises, a little.

THE DESERT MUSIC. By William Carlos Williams. Random House. $3. A new book in three parts by the Doctor from New Jersey. In the first section are short, lyric poems: in the second, a free translation into English of an idyll by Theocritus.

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADIER. By Don Ryan. Coward-McCann. $3.50. A rather throaty, exuberant tale about outlaws, vengeance (a murdered father), pirates, imposters, the Spanish Conspiracy, and a girl named Sally, all of which is set in the musky South of long ago.

A DOCTOR TALKS TO WOMEN. By Samuel Raynor Meaker. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. A complete talk on gynecology for the average woman.

THE DRAWINGS OF GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI. By Hylton Thomas. Beechurst Press. $7.50. A study, the first of its kind, of the drawings of the eighteenth-century draughtsman. Amply illustrated with reproduction of his work taken from some 600 examples the author has collected.

THE KING'S VIXEN. By Pamela Hill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. This one is set in fifteenth-century Scotland, and involves the doings of a deep-bosomed hussy in from the country. Between marriage proposals, she has a bastard daughter, becomes the King's mistress, loses him to Princess Margaret of England, and ends up in a cold-water flat, as it were, friendless.

KNOW YOUR READER. By George R. Klare and Byron Buck. Hermitage House. $2.95. An examination of how certain writers can effectively reach certain groups of readers. The sixth volume in the Professional Writers' Library.

LIKE MEN BETRAYED. By John Mortimer. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A fog-lit English novel about an upright solicitor who discovers that his son does not abide by the Golden Rule, and is intent on making money and plenty of it. He steps in and gets broiled thoroughly by scandal, blackmail, and finally death.

MASTERS OF THE ORCHESTRA. Edited by Louis Biancolli and Herbert Peyser. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6. Quickthumb biographies of the great orchestral composers, covering everyone from Bach to Prokofieff. Stravinsky, Sibelius, and Shostakovitch are omitted, however. For the student and average listener.

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN. By Martha Albrand. Random House. $3. Spies in the closet, spies in the drawer, by an old hand at this sort of thing. Here, an American chemist, called to Copenhagen to help out in an experiment, finds upon arrival that the callee has supposedly drowned. It turns out he hasn't, etc.

THE PEOPLES OF THE SOVIET FAR EAST. By Walter Kolarz. Frederick A. Praeger. $4. A study of one of the darkest areas behind the Iron Curtain, the far eastern end of the USSR, which is inhabited mostly by Mongolians, and with which we have been completely out of touch since 1948, when the American Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Vladivostok was shut down.

RICHARD JOSEPH'S AND MURIEL RICHTER'S WORLD WIDE TRAVEL REGULATIONS MADE EASY. By Richard Joseph & Muriel Richter. Doubleday & Co. $1.50. A revised edition of an invaluable book on international passport, postage, telephone, currency, customs, and visa information.

ROCKET IN THE NIGHT. By Frances Clippinger. Random House. $3.95. What made Sammy Glick run, makes Darwin Hayes —actor, director, producer—run, too.

THE SECOND CONQUEST. By Louis De Wohl. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. Mr. De Wohl, who has written copiously of the early church fathers heretofore, steps off into space in his new book, and tells the story of an American test pilot who succeeds in averting a Martian invasion through his religious beliefs, which are those of the Catholic Church.

SMUGGLERS' PARADISE. By Antony Were. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. An account, with fictitious names, of eight months the author spent hurly-burlying around the world's big smuggling rings. His quest took him to London, Marseilles, the Riviera, Tangier, and back to England. He rubbed heels, as well, with drugs, diamonds, gold, and smugglers amateur and pro.

THE SPECTACLE. By Rayne Kruger. The Macmillan Co. $3. This dish of bitter tea concerns the murder of the head of a London firm of surveyors. The dead man's assistant, a Jaguar type, low-built and fast, takes his place, plus a nice raise in salary. He nearly gets away with it, but after he has been tried and acquitted, breaks down and tells all.

THE SPRING OF CIVILIZATION: Periclean Athens. Edited by Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr. E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50. A shufflebag of the culture of the Athens of Pericles—450-400 B.C.—in which the editor gives a quick run-up of what the city was like, six complete tragedies, Plato's "Apology" (Jowett) and "Symposium" (Shelley), and seventy pages of illustrations dealing with Athenian architecture, art, and artifacts.

TATTERSALLS. By Vincent Orchard. Coward-McCann. $7.50. A history of the English horse-racing family, the Tattersalls, and of horse racing in general in England and Europe from 1745 to the present.

THE VELVET WHIP. By Leonard Snyder. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A tale that would have frightened Aeschylus about a man and his wife, married five years, who return to his family's home when it is apparent he is getting silly upstairs. There his wife slips into bed with a bogus doctor, the husband rapes and murders his sister, and, to put the cream on the pudding, burns the house down.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS NO MORE. By Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac. Translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury. Rinehart & Co. $2.75. Double and triple indemnity, as the French like it. The story concerns an attempted murder, for the insurance money, by a man and his mistress of his wife. He ends up dead from suicide, however, while the two ladies divvy the spoils between themselves.

YOUR CHILD AND HIS ART. By Viktor Lowenfeld. The Macmillan Co. $6. A study of the values—educational and otherwise—of the child expressing itself through art. Heavily illustrated with examples of such art.

ZAIBATSU DISSOLUTION IN JAPAN. By T. A. Bisson. University of California Press. $5. "Zaibatsu," in case you don't know, is the term that generally applies to the semi-feudal big-business cartels that were in operation in Japan prior to the last war. This book is a study of the effort that was made during the U.S. occupation to break up the system, why it has now re-emerged, and what its future effects on Japanese economy will probably be. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Hobbies

Continued from page 19

means by which he turns his material into art and/or profit. As no one cares what make of typewriter the novelist uses (except perhaps the maker), surely no one is much concerned with what kind of precision-built, chrome-plated, coated-lensed tool the photographer uses; and while a few technicians might be interested or envious for a time, few of the millions who participate visually in his work care much how long and in what temperature it was developed as long as it has something valid and useful to say clearly.

Flora Wild

"Wild Flowers of America," based on paintings by Mary Vaux Walcott, with additional paintings by Dorothy Falcon Platt; edited by H. W. Rickett *(Crown Publishers. 400 pp., 71 plates. $10) makes available to the general public some classic portraits of America flora. Here it is reviewed by Alfred Stefferud, editor of publications for the U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

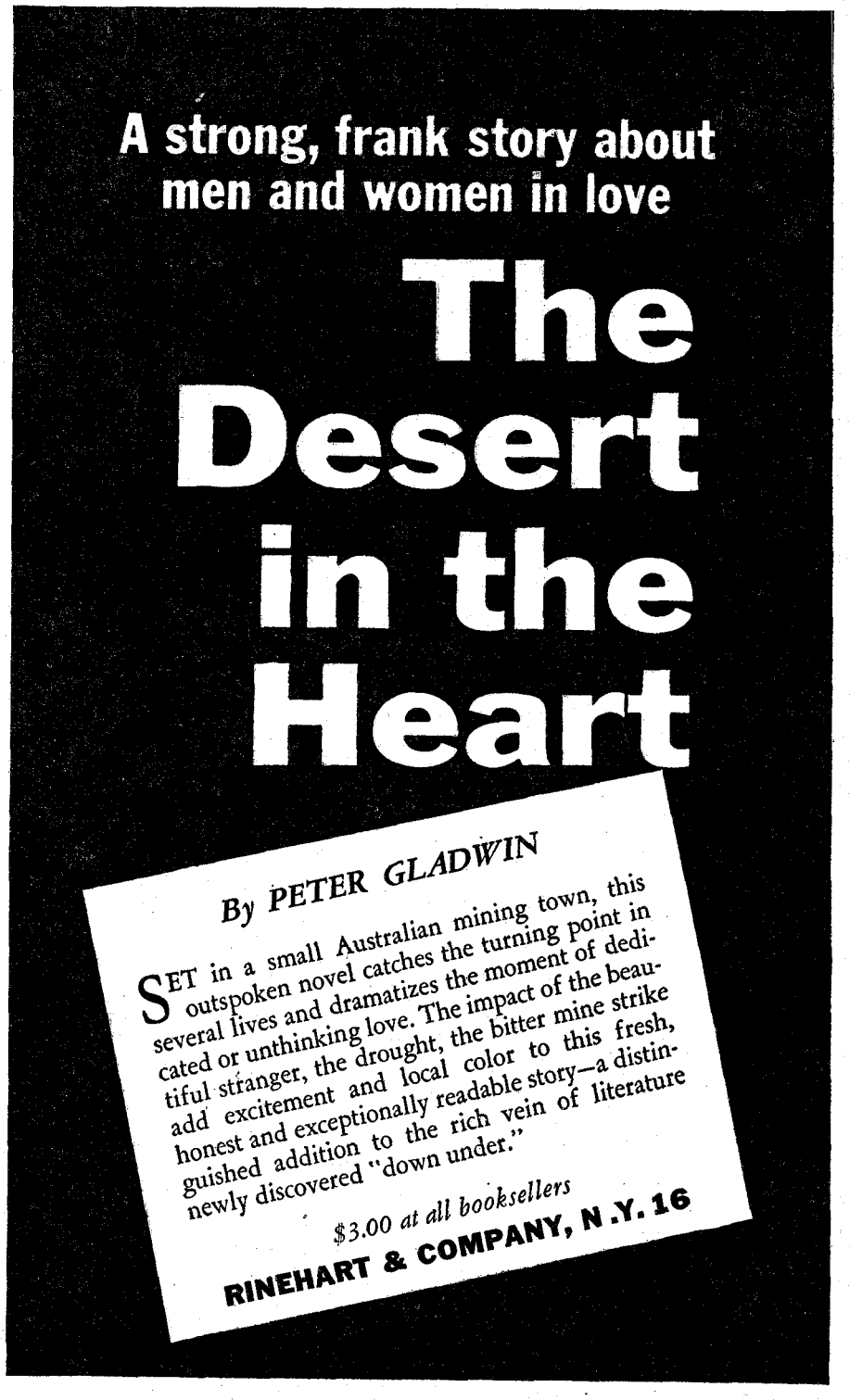
By Alfred Stefferud

MARY VAUX WALCOTT was a rich, talented, determined artist-scientist who spent a good share of her eighty years searching for wild flowers and making beautifully accurate watercolors of them. Naturalists discuss her career and her masterpiece, "North American Wild Flowers," in the same respectful tones they use for Audubon and Linnaeus.

When she was sixty or so she had made more than four hundred paintings. Their enthusiastic reception at a few exhibitions gave her the idea of publishing them. Horticultural societies, wealthy Americans who subscribed five hundred dollars apiece, the Smithsonian Institution, and Mrs. Walcott herself put up the money. William Edwin Rudge, the New York printer, and more than four years of work and experimentation solved the rest of the problem. He laboriously made 2,500 prints of each painting. Five hundred sets, signed by Mrs. Walcott, were put up unbound in luxurious portfolios for sale at five hundred dollars each. The rest of the sets, also in five-volume cases, had smaller margins and a different arrangement of descriptions and, at a hundred dollars each, were called the library edition. The production job is said to have cost $750,000.

It was truly a work for the ages, one that nature-lovers have drooled over since 1925. They need not drool so much any longer; they can get a reasonable facsimile of it at an everyday price. "North American Wild Flowers" was not copyrighted. From the public domain Crown Publishers has brought 380 of Mrs. Walcott's paintings and put them, with twenty by Dorothy Falcon Platt, into a sturdy, attractive, king-size, ten-dollar bound volume, "Wild Flowers of America." H. W. Rickett, of the New York Botanical Garden, wrote an 1800-word introduction.

Very likely Mrs. Walcott and the Smithsonian, who have been approached before with plans for cheaper editions, would not be exactly happy with "Wild Flowers of America." The plates have lost some of their delicacy, brilliance, and depth. The paper is not perfectly opaque. The poetry and flower lore of the parent work have given way to more matter-of-fact descriptions—surely a book like this gains from the marriage of the arts and skills and sciences of poetry,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But comparisons with the limited edition of another and a lower-cost day are perhaps unfair. In comparison with many another flower book, "Wild Flowers of America" shines like a beacon.

Flora East

"The Macmillan Wild Flower Book," with illustrations by Edith Farrington Johnston, text by Clarence J. Hylander *(Macmillan. 480 pp., 232 illus., $15), is a new album of flowering plants found in the Eastern United States. Norman Taylor, our reviewer, is the editor of "The Encyclopedia of Gardening."*

By Norman Taylor

"THE Macmillan Wild Flower Book" avoids the pitfall that thirty years ago trapped the Smithsonian Institution's "Wild Flowers of America," in which superb color illustrations were embellished only by chatty talk. In his descriptive text, Dr. Clarence J. Hylander has reduced the jargon of botanists to a minimum.

The selection of five hundred species from over twenty thousand is a major decision in any book of this sort. By its very limitations it can never replace more exhaustive works, and hence cannot be even a moderately comprehensive guide to the flora of its area.

Dr. Hylander and Edith Farrington Johnston, who made the 232 colored illustrations, have made a good selection of the showiest plants within the area, east of the Rockies and south to Florida. No technical flora has yet dared to cover such a huge region or aimed to include such a staggering number of species. The present book covers only a handful of really Southern species and a dozen or so of prairie plants, so that it is primarily a book for those in the Northeastern states, and perhaps it should say so.

Over thirty species have full descriptions but no pictures. One cannot help wondering why, when condensation was so necessary, the garden phlox, the French mulberry, and the English cowslip should have been selected. The first two may be moderately common mostly as "escapes," but the primrose, which is the despair of many gardeners, is certainly very rare as an established "wild flower."

Equally surprising is the statement that *Lantana camara* is a shrub that grows in Maryland. Every gardener knows it comes from tropical America, is grown in greenhouses in the North, or as a summer bedding plant as tender as a canna. That it no doubt occasionally escapes to roadsides in the South scarcely makes it a "wild flower."

It is, however, idle to pick flaws in the text (there are many others) when the colored illustrations were the obvious reason for making such an expensive book. No one who is not as skilful as Mrs. Johnston knows the difficulty of reproducing an artist's painting on the printed page. It is only fair to say that the publishers have in some cases done her less than justice. Blue is a rare color in the plant world, but we do have it in dayflowers, some gentians, and one or two bellflowers. The blue of none of these is satisfactory in the Macmillan book and this should surely be charged against the engraver, not to such an accomplished artist as Mrs. Johnston. No doubt from the same cause some of her whites have become tinged with other colors. The illustrations, as a whole, are of very high quality, however, and reflect great credit on the artist who painted most of them from fresh material. That they will inevitably be compared with the Walcott paintings is as unfair as to liken Mendelssohn to Mozart.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 562

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 562 will be found in the next issue.

YEFS TSWUFL LSSL ZUYA

YAS SNS DH B QAUCR

BWR YAUWVL ZUYA

YAS PEBUW DH B

TSWUU.—K.V. YADJBIBW.

Answer to No. 561

An efficiency regime can't be run without a few heroes stuck about to carry off the dullness.—E.M. Forster.

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Continued from page 11

propaganda that has characterized modern dictatorships. But the need to isolate their subjects from internal and external truth, to impose a system of false ideas and values and preserve it from the osmotic pressure of free intelligence, has always been a fundamental weakness of totalitarianism and today it is such a serious weakness that Mr. Woolf is convinced totalitarianism is not a viable nor durable form of government for a modern state.

As the product of a non-academic thinker who belongs to no particular school, "Principia Politica" is a work that is best judged on its own merits. It is an individual and, despite the defects indicated, an interesting and valuable contribution to the liberal literature of our time.

Notes

KINGS, LORDS, AND COMMONS: Not all scholars can popularize the results of research in a subject as potentially arid as English constitutional history. But Professor Faith Thompson of the University of Minnesota has done just that in her **"A Short History of Parliament, 1295-1642"** (University of Minnesota Press, $4.50).

The birth of the House of Commons from the gradual fusion of knights and middle-class merchants resulted in the weaning of the whole Parliament from the control of mighty feudal lords. Representatives reported home on the state of the Government, and often removed bad counselors of the King by simply refusing consent to royal taxation. Yet strong monarchs found it difficult to grapple with this meddlesome Parliament, which espoused no particular theory but was content to deal with each new crisis as it arose. The magnificent self-assurance of these first men of Parliament laid the basis, then, for a limited rather than an absolute monarchy.

Miss Thompson is at her best when dealing with the legal developments and personalities connected with early Parliaments. Generous quotations from both contemporary sources and modern commentators do much to enliven this well-told tale of that ancient English form of government, which "is and by rights ought to be, King, Lords, and Commons."

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

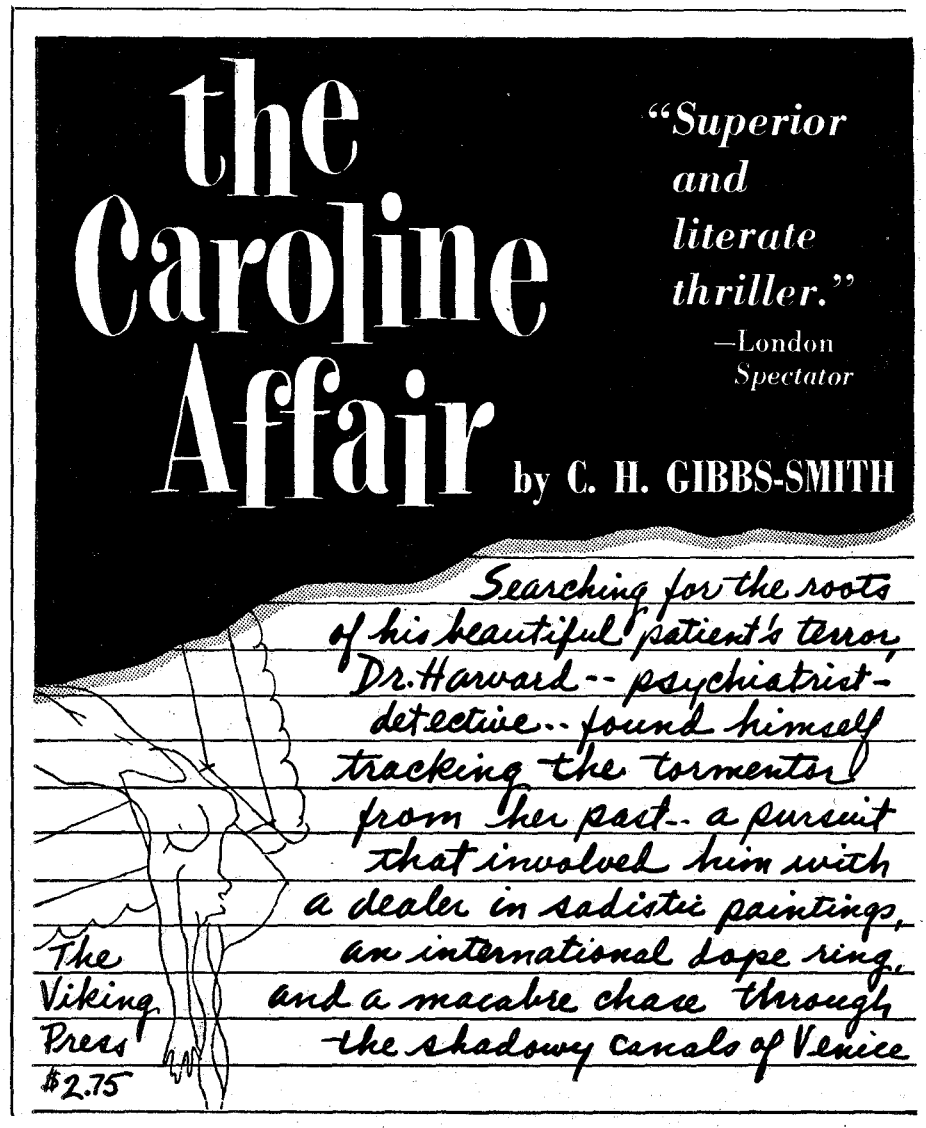
PARLIAMENT AND THE FIRST ELIZABETH: Professor J. E. Neale is so familiar with the vast records of Elizabethan Parliaments that he knows, almost as intimate acquaintances, every notable member. He is therefore an expert guide to the intricacies of debate, procedure, intrigue, and argument; and his book **"Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments, 1559-1581"** (British Book Centre, $5.50) is a remarkable piece of intimate constitutional and political history.

As an historian, Mr. Neale had two choices: either he could reprint or digest the vast original sources at great length, or he could select what suited his purpose for a personal and subjective monograph. Professor Neale has compromised between the two methods, confining his narrative within reasonable limits but keeping as closely as possible to his sources and with a minimum of interpretation.

Professor Neale's theme is not, however, the proceedings in the Parliaments as a whole but the personal relations between Queen and Parliament. The result, for any impartial reader, is to increase his admiration for Elizabeth's personality, courage, and intelligence. She was twenty-five when she succeeded her sister, and she faced a nation which had endured a series of devastating changes during the past twenty-five years. As a Protestant, she was naturally supported by the extreme Puritans of the Left, especially those who had returned full of avenging zeal from their exile in Geneva during the Marian persecution. But Elizabeth had no intention of being led by them, or indeed by anyone else. From the first she was ruler, and though, as these records amply illustrate, she always knew when to give way before public opinion, she usually had her own way in the end.

"Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments" is not a book for easy or hasty reading; it belongs, rather, to that small class which Bacon reserved "to be read wholly with diligence and attention"; for, as Professor Neale from time to time notes, it offers many close parallels to modern times in its story and its lessons. Not the least of its merits is that it is written with understanding, charity, and detachment.

—G. B. HARRISON.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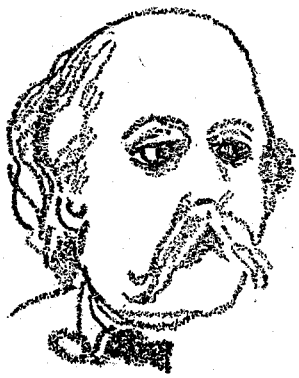

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The Free Economy of Students

Continued from page 8

by so many Americans capable of profiting by it proves to my satisfaction at least that the grain cannot grow where the seed has not been planted. We can only speculate as to how much talent is wasted in the process—certainly much that would bring credit to our universities and benefit to society. This is another measure of the practical price society pays for its impractical evaluation of the liberal arts.

The prospect of "peacetime" military service, after the outbreak in Korea, whether through selective service or some form of universal military training and service showed us, no longer abstractly but concretely, the indivisible responsibility of school and college in matters of general education. Students confronted by two years in the armed forces plus four of college and three or more of professional school began to look around desperately for vocational or "pre-professional" offerings — anything that would speed up the interminable apprenticeship that stood between them and their projected careers. This, by the way, has been a universal trend, even in such traditional homes of the liberal arts as Great Britain and France. It has meant a universal setback for the liberal arts. That these countries should also be suffering from the trend is another and a compelling reason why we should take it seriously. At home it seemed as though the liberal arts was being ground between an upper millstone of vocationalism to which the weight of military service had now been added and a nether millstone of public indifference. The educational mill was grinding out skilled but uneducated human beings, American citizens who were capable but uncultivated, college graduates who were deficient in reading and writing.

There was a gap somewhere and it had to be closed. Where was it? The colleges said: In the schools. The schools said: In the colleges. Both were right. Throughout the vast majority of our secondary schools, the

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE BUSINESS AT BLANCHE CAPEL *Bryan Morgan* (Little Brown: $3.75)	British lab. jolted as germ vial vanishes; chase takes in Austria, Italy.	Too heavy on dialogue, but characterization good, handling bright.	Middling plus
DEAD BY NOW *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Spook baffles Yard, but real corpses follow; Insp. Finch quotes poetry.	Old actors (some bad) lend touches of color to leisurely yarn.	Too much family
DEATH IN HIGH HEELS *Christianna Brand* (Scribner: $2.50)	Yard in tizzy as murder invades *haute-couture* establishment.	Distaff cast predominates in lady-killing chiller.	Style all the while
LIEUTENANT PASCAL'S TASTES IN HOMICIDES *Hugh Pentecost* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Trio of yarns (one Pa., two NYC) in which engaging Metropolitan sleuth is big brain.	Well-knit and adroit narratives are fine specimens of genre.	Good hunting
TOO SOON TO DIE *Henry Wade* (Macmillan: $2.75)	British colonel, at death's door, plots salvage of estate; other plotters active.	Intricate but sound, logical; law, medicine, play big part.	OK for bean-users
AN AFTERNOON TO KILL *Shelley Smith* (Harper: $2.50)	Stepmother problem ruffles English miss; ways to handle it eventuate.	Nice characterization, action; sound picture of Edwardian era.	Pleasant period piece
THE RED JAGUAR *Jason Manor* (Viking: $2.50)	Ex-cop, LA area, runs into gangster nest; four scoff-flaws bite smog.	Unusually literate for gunsel opus; nice motion.	Large plus mark
DARK CRUSADE *James M. Fox* (Little Brown: $3)	Ex-CIC op. trails Reds from NY to Holland, Rhine, Riviera, Spain.	Picaresque series of adventures is knowledgable, taut.	Superior

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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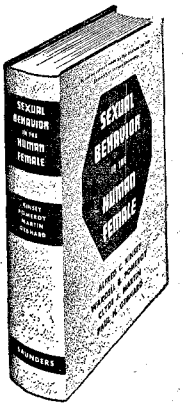
liberal arts were being smothered by vocationalism. But for this the colleges were themselves partly responsible. The elective rebellion against the old liberal-arts college curriculum had run wild, and colleges were giving academic credit for everything from philosophy to fly fishing. With the colleges setting such standards how could the schools in their almost infinite diversity and their susceptibility to the moods of local boards be expected to do better? There are 75,000 public-school districts in the United States, each one a highly and often pridefully autonomous community. The public high schools in these communities are attended by 92 per cent of the nation's youth enrolled in secondary education. Of the remainder, some 6 or 7 per cent attend private denominational institutions, and only 2 per cent or less private non-denominational. With this basic diversity, with only 40 per cent of the top quarter of the graduates of all these institutions sufficiently motivated to move on into any form of higher education, how could the colleges reproach the schools for neglecting Shakespeare for bookkeeping and automobile driving? What about the colleges who maintained million-dollar gate receipts by giving football players academic credit for scrimmaging and basketball players credit for rhythms and tap dancing? So the argument raged across the country, a jumble of values and standards through which the properly motivated schoolboy picked his way with all the intrepidity of the early explorers, and the universities groped for true and proper bearings.

WE ARE confused over the very meaning of the phrase "liberal arts," let alone the subjects of study for which it stands. It has acquired connotations of special privilege and preciosity. At the risk of laboring the obvious, therefore, let us recall that as it is used here the word "liberal" comes from the Latin *liber*, meaning "free"; that the proper meaning of the phrase "liberal arts" is "the arts becoming to a free man"; and that from earliest times these have included the sciences (in the Middle Ages arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, the others being grammar, rhetoric, logic, and music). In other words the liberal arts are rooted in freedom, not privilege, and they are broad, not narrow, in educational scope.

It is true that both Greek and medieval society restricted to a minority the number of those who were truly free, hence fully qualified as beneficiaries of the arts becoming a free man. In Greek times these were the guardians of a fundamentally un-



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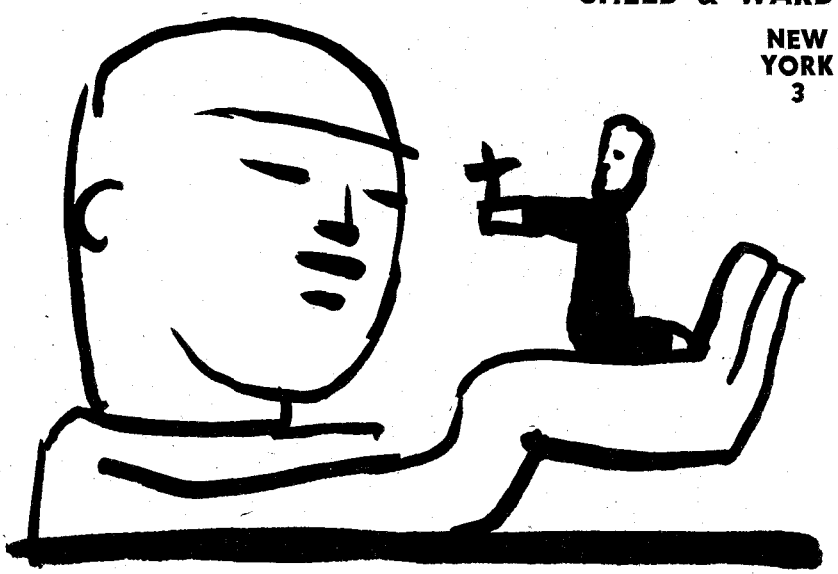

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democratic society; in medieval times aristocrats, clergy, and wandering scholars. It is also true that this identification of the liberal arts with special orders of society dies hard in modern Britain and Europe. It grew out of a constricting interpretation of the meaning of freedom rather than a constriction inherent in the meaning of the liberal arts, and it gained currency in the United States through inverted snobbism as well as ignorance of the facts. It is as much at variance with our cardinal principle of equal opportunity as it is with the true meaning of the liberal arts.

The notion that the liberal arts are for the *rara avis* is no less difficult to explain though often more difficult to dispel. Perhaps it is attributable to the rather narrow, literal meaning our workaday society attaches to the word "arts." Thus the busy father discussing college with his son advises against "impractical" courses that will not help him in business. Or the scientist or engineer stresses professional purposes with which he believes the liberal arts to be incompatible. In this the champions of the liberal arts themselves have not been altogether blameless. They have been guilty of smugness and at times have seemed content to live on rote and reputation.

Such, for example, appears to have been the case in British education in 1835 when Macaulay wrote in desperation "Give a boy 'Robinson Crusoe.' That is worth all the grammars of rhetoric and logic in the world. . . . Who ever reasoned better for having been taught the difference between a syllogism and an enthymeme? Who ever composed with greater spirit and elegance because he could define an oxymoron or an aposiopesis? I am not joking but writing quite seriously when I say that I would much rather order a hundred copies of 'Jack the Giant-Killer' for our schools than a hundred copies of any grammar of rhetoric or logic that ever was written." The same impatience with a curriculum whose claims were pretentious but whose elements and purposes had become obscure heralded the advent of the elective system in our own schools and colleges half a century later.

ALL these impressions of the liberal arts rest upon a quantitative fallacy. They emphasize content as distinct from quality and spirit. If the critic reasons on this basis he may discount the liberal arts as severely as Dickens's Mr. Podsnap, who thought they should represent, reflect, and conduce to "getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter-past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Nothing else to be permitted to those same vagrants the Arts, on pain of excommunication." Or, evidently, as their exemplars were doing when Macaulay found them exuberating in oxymorons and enthymemes and plumped for "Robinson Crusoe." Or as the scientist does who forgets that science is part of the liberal arts; or the professional man who asks what Greek or Latin have to do with law or medicine or engineering.

The purpose of the liberal arts is not to teach businessmen business, or grammarians grammar, or college students Greek and Latin (which have disappeared from their required curricula). It is to awaken and develop the intellectual and spiritual powers in the individual before he enters upon his chosen career so that he may bring to that career the greatest possible assets of intelligence, resourcefulness, judgment, and character. It is, in John Stuart Mill's telling phrase, to make "capable and cultivated human beings." "Men are men," Mill said, "before they are lawyers or physicians or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians." I know of no better statement of the purpose of the liberal arts or any that so firmly establishes their place in a national educational system that is dedicated, as ours is, to the preparation of men and women not just for intellectual pursuits but for life.

From this statement we may proceed as Mill himself did to the conclusion that the liberal arts and many of the studies thought to be in competition with them are not competitors but allies. This was Mill's pronouncement on the conflict that raged in his day between the "old classical studies" and the "new scientific studies." Mill denied that this conflict had any foundation in principle whatsoever, declaring that "it is only the stupid inefficiency of the usual teaching which makes those studies be regarded as competitors instead of allies."

There is even less reason for such a conflict of principles today. The "old classical studies" have been greatly enriched by the infusion of history, philosophy, literature, language, and the fine arts into the erstwhile domain of the grammarian and logician. Scientific studies never were "new" to the liberal arts, as they claimed three of the original seven. The social studies—economics, anthropology, political science, so-

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ciology, psychology—have found their place in the sun alongside of language and literature. The very term "liberal arts" has given way in professional academic usage to the term "general education," with its obviously broader implications as to content and method. Every trade, profession, and vocation has an equal interest in "capable and cultivated human beings." How could this represent a conflict of principle?

IT DOES not. The idea of a conflict of principle represents ignorance of the facts with its usual byproducts of misunderstanding and prejudice. That this is so should give us courage to attack these ancient enemies of learning. But where do we begin? With the conditions cited at the beginning of this report—the overcrowded schoolrooms, the shortage of teachers? What can the universities do about them? Could we not turn our backs on them and count on our reputations to bring us our quota of exceptional or specially privileged individual students? Quite apart from its morality when viewed in the light of our charters, our aims and ideals as national universities, and our tax-exempt status, such a policy would surely defeat itself. We have seen how the general deterioration of educational standards is already being felt in our undergraduate and professional schools. To turn our backs on this would be to court disaster. For our own sake as well as for the country's we must face it and do something about it.

We must and we can. Though we cannot produce a magic formula that will relieve the shortages of schoolrooms and teachers, we can do a number of things that will contribute to those results. Above all I would name two: First, we can maintain the liberal arts in the fullest possible health and vigor in the universities and, second, we can capitalize them as a motivating force in American education by improving and expanding our liberal-arts training program for secondary-school teachers. Both steps would lead directly to improved conditions in the schools as well as in the universities. For of this I am convinced: that if this country is to be shaken out of the trance that blinds it to the needs of its educational system the great awakening will be brought about by parents and teachers steeped in the liberal arts and imbued with their spirit. It is both the duty and the opportunity of the American universities to make this experience rich and fruitful for their own students and, through them, to bring this spirit powerfully to the assistance of American education.

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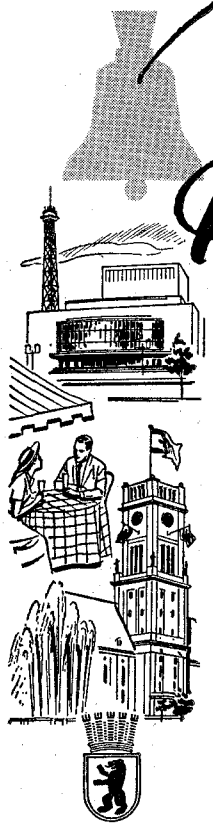

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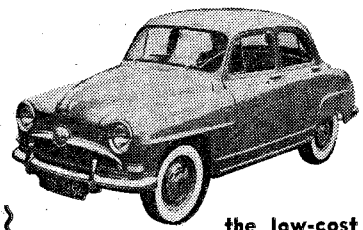

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SR's Library Poll

OUR reporting libraries tell us that "Not As a Stranger" has a greater lead over the also-rans this week than any "first" has had since *SR*'s poll was instituted. This goes to confirm the discussion of a few weeks ago, that the private, public, professional, and procural affairs of medicine men are the great staple of the American reading table.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F) *
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G) **
3. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
4. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
5. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)
6. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
7. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
   by E. B. White (G)
8. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
9. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)
10. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)
11. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
12. **The Conquest of Everest**
    by John Hunt (G)
13. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
14. **The Devil's Laughter**
    by Frank Yerby (F)
15. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
16. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
17. **The Female**
    by Paul Wellman (F)
18. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)
19. **Shadows of the Images**
    by William E. Barrett (F)
20. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Merchant of precious metals, gems, objets d'art, etc.	51 125 8 68 62 41 147
B. Old Scottish coin equal to two-thirds an English penny, named for assay master of the mint, reign of James VI.	169 89 132 141 24 159 32 55
C. Last king of Rumania.	100 97 23 71 61
D. Mrs. Irving Berlin.	181 135 25 140 33
E. Somewhat rare word for a slender dagger.	14 156 171 124 46 102
F. Amount by which the augend is increased, to arrive at a sum.	47 122 96 56 73 31
G. First man to apply pneumatic tires to automobiles.	118 163 98 116 150 130 30 38
H. Describing a breeze off the water.	40 95 57 36 162 90 101
I. Partial blindness.	175 7 126 173 1 107 12 151 92 66
J. Transportation beggar.	2 167 121 22 112 20 177 93 144 137
K. Best-known of the "characters" that appeared in imitation of "David Harum" (1900; full name).	3 129 28 161 45 103 74 143 21 139
L. Very soft skins used for glove-making (2 wds.).	10 142 53 94 106 78 83 70 176 16 27

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Twelfth-century English abbot who wrote biography of Edward the Confessor.	117 19 133 18 168 48 105 63
N. One of the Anatinae (2 wds.).	5 76 109 146 81 179 91 59 39
O. Cajolery (2 wds.).	120 15 80 149 35 152 85 65 26 174
P. Warded off.	50 42 131 17 115 110 49
Q. Early last night.	165 158 82 114 58 170 123 79 138
R. Extorted by greater violence.	9 145 153 69 84 180 87 148 111 160 136
S. Chemical compound with nine molecules of water.	182 119 86 54 60 75 11 154 128 4 108
T. Eighth son of Jacob, progenitor of one of the Tribes of Israel.	52 88 166 155 44
U. Inflammation of the nose.	13 157 134 77 72 127 37 164
V. Answerable for something to some authority.	113 64 67 172 6 29 34 99 104 178 43

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the corresponding numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

										1 I	2 J	3 K		4 S	5 N	6 V	7 I	
8 A	9 R	10 L	11 S	12 I	13 U	14 E		15 O	16 L	17 P	18 M		19 M	20 J	21 K			
22 J	23 C	24 B	25 D	26 O	27 L	28 K	29 V			30 G		31 F	32 B	33 D	34 V		35 O	
36 H	37 U	38 G	39 N		40 H		41 A	42 P	43 V	44 T			45 K	46 E	47 F	48 M	49 P	
	50 P		51 A	52 T	53 L	54 S	55 B	56 F	57 H	58 Q		59 N	60 S	61 C	62 A	63 M		
	64 V	65 O	66 I		67 V	68 A	69 R	70 L	71 C	72 U	73 F	74 K	75 S		76 N			
77 U	78 L	79 Q	80 O	81 N		82 Q	83 L	84 R		85 O	86 S	87 R		88 T	89 B	90 H		
91 N	92 I	93 J		94 L	95 H	96 F		97 C		98 G	99 V	100 C	101 H		102 E	103 K		
	104 V	105 M	106 L	107 I	108 S	109 N	110 P		111 R	112 J	113 V	114 Q		115 P	116 G	117 M		
	118 G	119 S	120 O	121 J		122 F	123 Q	124 E	125 A	126 I	127 U	128 S	129 K	130 G	131 P			
132 B	133 M	134 U	135 D	136 R	137 J	138 Q	139 K		140 D		141 B	142 L	143 K		144 J	145 R		
146 N	147 A		148 R	149 O	150 G	151 I		152 O	153 R	154 S	155 T		156 E	157 U	158 Q	159 B		
160 R		161 K	162 H	163 G	164 U	165 Q		166 T	167 J	168 M	169 B	170 Q	171 E	172 V	173 I	174 O		
	175 I	176 L	177 J	178 V	179 N	180 R	181 D	182 S										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

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Background to an Anthology

The "History of Music in Sound" is the title of a new series of LP's emanating from England which will illustrate the development of music from the days of the ancient Greeks to the present. Volume II has just been issued in this country (RCA Victor album LM 6015, $11.44), and it will be followed by other volumes at regular intervals. Gerald Abraham, professor of music at Liverpool University and general editor of the series, explains here the thinking that underlies this project.

By GERALD ABRAHAM

LET ME be quite honest; a "History of Music in Sound," pure and simple just like that, is not feasible. But for the cumbersomeness of such a title, we should no doubt have called our project "Sound-Illustrations to the History of Music" or something on those lines. For that, precisely, is what my fellow editors and I have set out to provide. Just as Riemann and Schering and, most recently, Archibald T. Davison and Willi Apel have sought to make musical history more real and comprehensible by publishing "collections of examples" and "historical anthologies" in score, we have tried to take a step further towards bringing it to life by putting a similar collection—and we think a pretty comprehensive collection—on discs.

It is a big step further. If the ordinary music-type example in a musical history book gives you (as someone has said) no more idea of the complete composition than a few bricks give you of a complete house, even the whole compositions printed in the familiar *Beispielsammlungen* are no more than blueprints for actual music—and only a smallish proportion of the users possess the ability to convert them into reality. It is not a matter of possessing old instruments (though one can get only a very false idea of most old keyboard music by playing it on the piano) or ability to read from score; it is much more an affair of grasping a strange style of performance, strange types of sound, an unfamiliar spirit. How dry and repellent many a medieval composition—indeed many a Baroque or Renaissance piece—looks on paper, yet how fresh and alive and delightful it may be when an imaginative and accomplished scholar-executant comes along and makes it sound.

I know it is most difficult to persuade the ordinary musician or music-lover of the truth of that last proposition. (At least, it is in England; perhaps you order these things better in the States.) The average musician feels thoroughly at home only in the world of yesterday and the day before, not—alas!—with contemporary music and not, unless he sings madrigals, with much music earlier than the eighteenth century. That is not unnatural; indeed his attitude is paralleled to some extent by that of the common reader, whose horizon is similarly if not equally limited. But the musician can actually adduce some of our most distinguished musical historians—of all

—From a 13th-century German manuscript.
Meistersinger Heinrich von Meissen.

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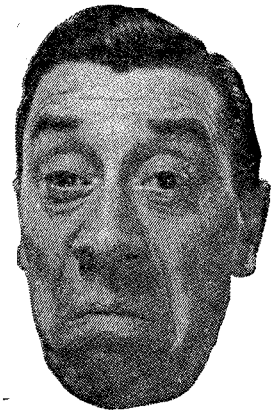

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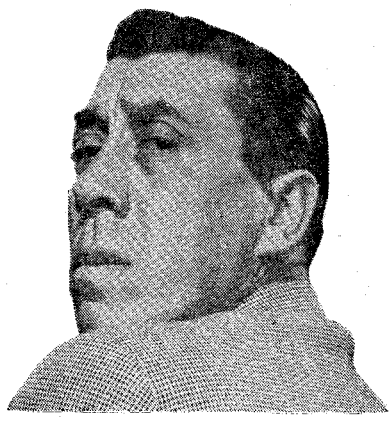

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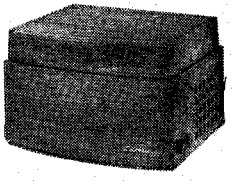

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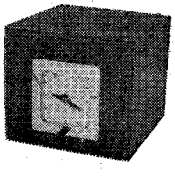

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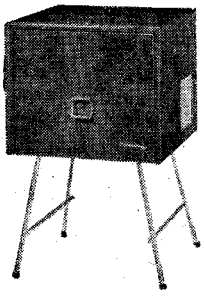

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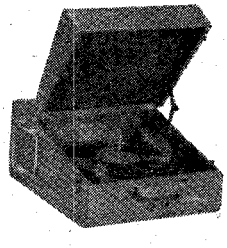

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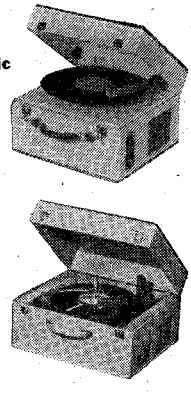

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people—in support of his unwillingness to taste old music.

Our first great musical historian in English, the prolific Charles Burney, started the unhappy tradition of looking down on the music of the past, judging it in terms of the present, and regarding the one as the culmination of the other: to him, as to its early nineteenth-century editors, the music of the Tudor masters was rude and harsh. And that tradition has persisted even after the death of Sir Hubert Parry who, despite far wider sympathies than Burney's, still saw the history of music as one great evolutionary process. Parry was capable of writing of Mozart that "his best manner was the best of its kind, but it was not final," and of referring to "the superiority of Beethoven's point of vantage to Mozart's." He was unable to conceive that a piano concerto by Mozart, much less a Mass by Palestrina, much less still a Mass by Dufay, might be—I will not say "as great as," for I do not believe in measuring incomparables against each other—great in the same sense as a Beethoven symphony. He opened his volume of the "Oxford History of Music," on the seventeenth century, with the cheerful statement that "the seventeenth century is, musically, almost a blank, even to those who take more than the average interest in the Art."

IF AT least a considerable section of the British musical public today takes a more enlightened view of the music of the more distant past than Parry did, this is due very largely to the policy of the British Broadcasting Corporation's Third Program—a policy which issued mainly from a project conceived in 1947 which was also one of the immediate parents of the present "History of Music in Sound." That project was a "History in Sound of European Music" up to 1800, carried out on a fairly big scale: more than a hundred weekly programs of music and explanatory talk, each program lasting half-an-hour to an hour. It was planned on the assumption that the music of every known period contains at least a proportion of still living art, well worth listening to if only we can conquer any initial strangeness of idiom. The things broadcast were, of course, not all masterpieces, but none of them was a mere museum piece. The result was a revelation of vitality and beauty surprising even to some of the planners themselves; to many listeners it was staggering; the public response was far larger and more favorable than anyone had dared to hope.

I had the exciting privilege of planning the general outline of that radio series and from the first I had another, more modest but more durable, plan in my mind. This great quantity of old and unfamiliar music was to be carefully rehearsed and performed, much of it for the first time for many centuries, under the stylistic control of scholarly specialists.

Were these performances then to be lost forever? I was not only the General Editor of the radio series; I happened also to be one of the editors of another big project, the "New Oxford History of Music," a work of international scholarship of which the earliest volumes have still not yet appeared but which will in time supersede the old, now badly out-of-date "Oxford History." Why not record the best things in the radio series and issue them in a series of volumes corresponding to those of the "New Oxford History," to which they would be a species of "sound supplement"? So from the first, wherever possible, I picked the specialists who were to devise and supervise the separate radio programs from the contributors of the relevant chapters of the "New Oxford History of Music." It was originally hoped to record direct from the broadcasts, but a host of difficulties arose: there were contractual obstacles; performances that had sounded perfect on the air proved on repetition to have minor flaws; compositions refused to fit conveniently on to the twelve-inch side of the 78's for which the series was planned.

Everything had to be performed afresh. But nothing whatever daunted the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice") which had taken up the idea enthusiastically. The recordings were pushed ahead, with the invaluable technical help of Basil Lam (who had handled the radio series), and though it proved unnecessary to enlist the direct help of the chapter-contributors to the "New Oxford History," in almost every case the volume of "The History of Music in Sound" and the corresponding volume of the "New Oxford History" have the same editor.

There will be ten recorded volumes in all, each accompanied by a seventy- or eighty-page handbook containing the whole (or a substantial part) of each recorded piece in score, complete literary texts with translations, and annotations with historical and bibliographical details. Volume I ("Ancient and Oriental Music") has been delayed by a number of technical difficulties, but in England we have already brought out Volumes II ("Early Medieval Music, Up to 1300"), III ("Ars Nova and the Renaissance, c.1300-1540"), and IV (which we have challengingly called "The Age of Humanism, 1540-1630"). Volumes V and VI, which will follow shortly, both cover the period 1630-1750 and are therefore complementary; one is devoted to opera, oratorio, and church music, the other to solo song and to instrumental music. Four more vol-

—By Robinet Testard, from Bettmann Archive.

Music in the court of Cognac—"a revelation of vitality and beauty."

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Roger Désormière—"life and authenticity."

umes will bring the tale down to 1950.

I do not propose to catalogue the performers who have collaborated (or to review the records, great as the temptation is). But I think it is worth pointing out that, while British artists naturally figure prominently in a British scheme, we have never hesitated to look abroad when we lacked native specialists. We enlisted Safford Cape's famous Belgian ensemble, Pro Musica Antiqua, and the viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis for some of the earlier volumes. We sent a recording team to Spain to get Victoria's "O Domine Jesu" sung by the choir at Montserrat, since English or indeed any but Spanish choral tone and style would have failed to capture its passionate mysticism. We were able to call on an artist of the rank of Victoria de los Angeles to sing "V'adoro, pupille" from Handel's "Giulio Cesare" and take part in a duet from Cavalli's "Egisto"; Roger Désormière conducted our excerpts from Lully and Rameau, Gluck and Grétry. (Incidentally, our policy as regards opera has been, wherever possible, to select not a single "number" but a passage giving a representative cross-section of the composer's general operatic style.)

"Life and authenticity" has been our guiding principle throughout. Many points in the performance of old music are still, and are likely to remain, highly debatable. When no one knows the solution, as in the case of troubadour song accompaniment, we have not attempted to fake one. But our proffered solutions, if not the only "correct" ones (for the Middle Ages and Renaissance allowed wide liberty in interpretation), are convincingly alive and well supported by

(*Continued on page* 61)

The Triumph of Venus

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

HIGH on a list of diabolical punishments to fit satanic crimes, as devised by W. S. Gilbert's Mikado, comes this pronouncement:

> All prosy dull society sinners
> Who chatter and bleat and bore
> Are sent to hear sermons
> From mystical Germans
> Who preach from ten to four.

Would that Gilbert had lined up musical purists among the offenders and sentenced them to attend lectures by these same mystical Germans on the subject of "Urtext," that ponderous word for "original version," lasting into every midnight!

Purists—or should I say hyperpurists?—are hardly ever musicologists. These latter have done valuable work in freeing the scores of an earlier age from "improvements"; making accessible, by careful research, the ornamentation of old music; supplanting unreliable later editions with a cleaned-up original. Scientific study invites only respect. The quarrel comes with inflated fancy—usually on the part of primadonna conductors or stage directors—with caprice that masquerades as learning.

There has been no shortage of this recently in New York, and some of the prevailing windiness has attached itself to the Metropolitan Opera's revival of Wagner's "Tannhäuser." It will be remembered that there are two editions of the work—one produced at Dresden in 1845 while Wagner was still young in his art and another (involving a revision of the Venusberg Scene, plus a few touches elsewhere) given at Paris in 1861, after Wagner had completed "Tristan and Isolde." Over a long period, the Paris version has held the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House. This season it was decided, by way of novelty, to revive Wagner's earlier Dresden score under the direction of George Szell.

The revival came off well and held unquestioned interest for the operagoer: the chance of hearing the Dresden music, not performed locally within the present century, and of comparing it with the familiar Paris version. However, Mr. Szell, a conductor with a fine previous record for integrity, rode the revival as a polemical hobby-horse and created an issue where none need have been.

In an open meeting of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, held last December at the Waldorf, the director explained to the assembled members and guests that he had chosen the Dresden rather than the Paris version because (1) the Dresden was the ORIGINAL version; (2) Wagner had been forced, in the Paris edition, to write new music against his will; (3) this later production was, historically speaking, a "flop"; (4) the earlier version has a unity of style missing in the later one.

The deviousness of three-fourths of these arguments, coming from so eminent a man, was startling. Had Mr. Szell said: "I have selected the Dresden version because I grew up with it, because I am convinced of its superiority, because, in any event, it's time to make a change," one would have welcomed the choice of an admired musician; but his pattern of half-truths calls for checking before we are to live with the Dresden version indefinitely.

NO LINE of consistent policy has ever been established by the Metropolitan or any other opera house in regard to original versions. When we hear performances in Europe or America of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," "Simon Boccanegra," "Don Carlo"; of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda"; of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Mozart's "Don Giovanni," these are almost always given in revised editions made by the composers themselves. Who would think today of presenting "Boccanegra" without the Council Chamber Scene (added twenty-four years after the opera's premiere); or "Gioconda" minus the smashing third-act finale (welded on three seasons after the work first appeared); or "Don Giovanni" without Elvira's aria "Mi tradi"—if the soprano can sing it adequately—which Mozart put into the Vienna production six months after the opera's opening night in Prague? What point can there be in dredging up an Urtext sunk by its own creator along the way? Historical interest, yes; modern performing value, hardly.

Ironically, the ORIGINAL version of "Tannhäuser" so piously invoked

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by Mr. Szell was not the one performed under his baton at the Metropolitan. When the work was first given at Dresden it ran for thirteen evenings without Venus reappearing at the end of the opera (only the orchestra, together with shadowy scenic effects, suggesting Tannhäuser's return to the goddess) until Wagner thought better of his earlier idea and had the temptress sing from her underground lair. In addition, the composer shortened his third-act Prelude by a considerable number of bars. This symphonic piece, as first written, has been heard here in concert form, conducted by Arturo Toscanini; that which was recently led by Mr. Szell is a revised edition. So much for Urtext.

AS TO the claim that Wagner, in the Paris "Tannhäuser," was forced to write new music against his will, history tells us the contrary. He flatly refused to interpolate a grand ballet in the second act, as requested by the management of the Paris Opéra, because his integrity told him that this would be at variance with the dramatic truth of his opera. Wagner did, however, eagerly seize the opportunity of expanding and transforming the opening tableau of the opera dealing with the court of Venus. In his letters to Mathilde Wesendonck he declared repeatedly that, years before in Dresden, he had not been ready technically or emotionally to depict the goddess and her train. With Paris ahead and his powers matured the composer was to realize in full the possibilities of the scene.

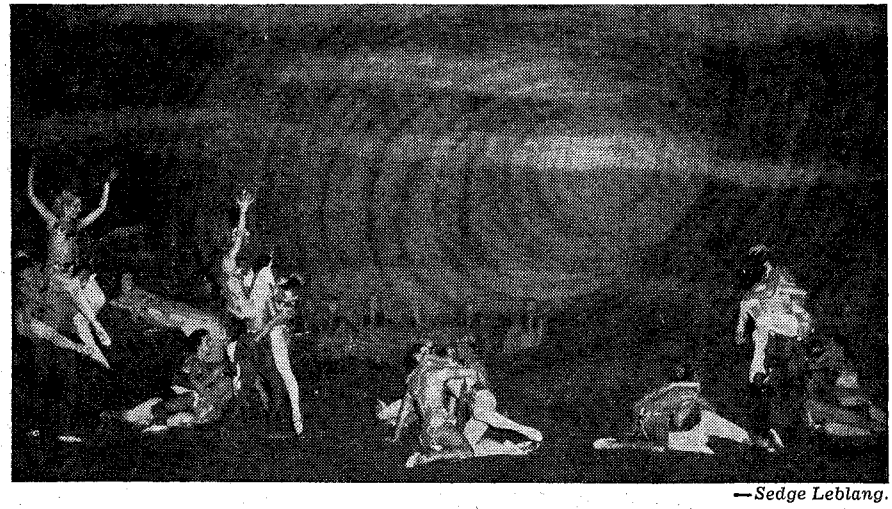
He had at his disposal an immense stage, a virtuoso orchestra, and a celebrated corps de ballet. Out of these assets—together with Wagner's feeling that he should placate a segment of the Parisian public by putting an extended dance episode in the proper place—grew the Bacchanale. Had Wagner composed this music under protest, he would surely have stopped there and not added another note to "Tannhäuser." The fact is that several additions (six in all) were made in the Parisian score, of which the Bacchanale is only one. Most of Venus's music has been completely rewritten; and other revisions, of a minor sort, are sprinkled through all three acts.

When this version is given today, the Overture is shortened and linked without pause to the opening scene. Here again the special pleader, in speaking of various editions, should be sure of his ground. At the first Paris performance the old overture was played in its entirety; there was a stop for applause; and then the curtain rose on the new Bacchanale. This arrangement was repeated in Munich, under Von Bülow's direction, in 1867. It was not until 1872 that Wagner combined overture and opening scene, in the form now familiar to us, for presentation at Vienna. And so the Paris version, still generally resisted in Central Europe, has Danubian overtones.

The charge that the 1861 premiere was a "flop" is, of course, true. Probably no first performance in history took place against such organized opposition—if we except Milhaud's "Christophe Colombe," driven by Nazi jeers from the stage of the Berlin State Opera just before that party came to power. Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" had to weather some treatment of this kind at its Rome premiere in 1816 (adherents of the composer Paisiello, who had previously set "The Barber" to music, launched a furor against Rossini, and opponents of the local management added their voices to the din); but the disturbance was small-scale beside what happened to "Tannhäuser" in Paris. Members of the Jockey Club were incensed at Wagner because he had failed to place a ballet in the second act (these gentlemen preferred to arrive at the theatre only in time for the dancing). French feelings in certain quarters also ran high against a German who, through the protection of Napoleon III and Princess Metternich, had succeeded in entering the Opéra when native composers of worth had been passed over. And so, much of the music was drowned by well-timed whistles, shouts, and cries. Unlike the disastrous premieres of "Traviata," "Carmen," and "Butterfly" — condemned by a hostile but unorganized public—the Paris "Tannhäuser" was doomed before it ever reached the stage. The other works cited have risen above their first reverses. Why, except for purposes of special pleading, arraign the Paris "Tannhäuser" on the grounds of an ancient fiasco?

THE only legitimate point raised by Mr. Szell is the one about unity. Many authorities would agree with him that the steam-heated, Tristanesque quality of the Venusberg, which opens the later version, tends to flatten out the rest of the opera, making it seem old-fashioned by contrast. Is this not, however, exactly what Wagner intended? Did not Elisabeth and everyone around her seem prosaic to Tannhäuser once the knight had returned from the arms of Venus? As the minstrels are assembled in the hall of song over which the maiden and her talkative uncle preside, Tannhäuser thinks of the goddess he has abandoned, and in the Paris version a haunting theme from the first scene reappears like a breath from another world (one of the striking dramatic effects possible with the use of leading motives). There are, in fact, two different worlds, the spheres of Elisabeth and Venus. One of them had been realized successfully by Wagner in 1845. It remained for him, in the Paris version, to storm the other, to place virgin and temptress forever in opposition; and if Venus ends by interesting us more than Elisabeth, is not vice—at least externally—more picturesque than virtue?

One final item on the triumph of Venus: eleven years ago Mr. Szell directed several Metropolitan performances of Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff" in the revised (Rimsky-Korsakoff) version. All went well. Conductor and audiences were happy. There was no search for the composer's missing Urtext, no distress at the use of a notably doctored score. The new purity of 1953-54 must have been aroused, paradoxically enough, by the Goddess of Love.



—*Sedge Leblang.*

Venusberg Scene at the Met—"is not vice more picturesque than virtue?"

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SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Alchemists Anonymous

REARRANGING my LP shelves recently, and momentarily relieved of any direct concern with the siren voices locked up in the discs themselves, I found my attention wandering beyond the printed composer and title identifications and soon firmly caught in those insidious word-traps for an inquiring—or vacant—mind: disc-jacket and album-"liner" annotations.

For once, however, I refused to disturb the pleasant languor of my routine by allowing the musical program notes to rouse either my disdain, for their inadequacies, or my professional envy, as a sometime annotator myself, of their excellences. Instead, and probably symptomatic of a preoccupational disease, I concentrated on searching for whatever specific recording data there might be found among the copy miscellanies that weren't confined to biographies, record listings, and assorted blurbs.

I was delighted, of course, with sure proofs that the inclusion of some technical information is becoming the rule rather than the exception, and that recording engineer citation is now a regular practice of at least many of the so-called minor or independent LP manufacturers. But it was seldom that I could uncover, under a major label, as much pertinent material "About This Recording" as appears in the notes for Mercury's Bartók-Bloch coupling on MG-50001 (and other "Olympian" series releases), which detail recording dates, specific data on microphoning, recording, and processing, and individual credits not only to the engineers (C. R. Fine and George Piros), but also to the recording director (David Hall). In general, the essential if vaguely defined role of the "recording director" seems to be played by complete anonyms, whatever the alchemy they achieve.

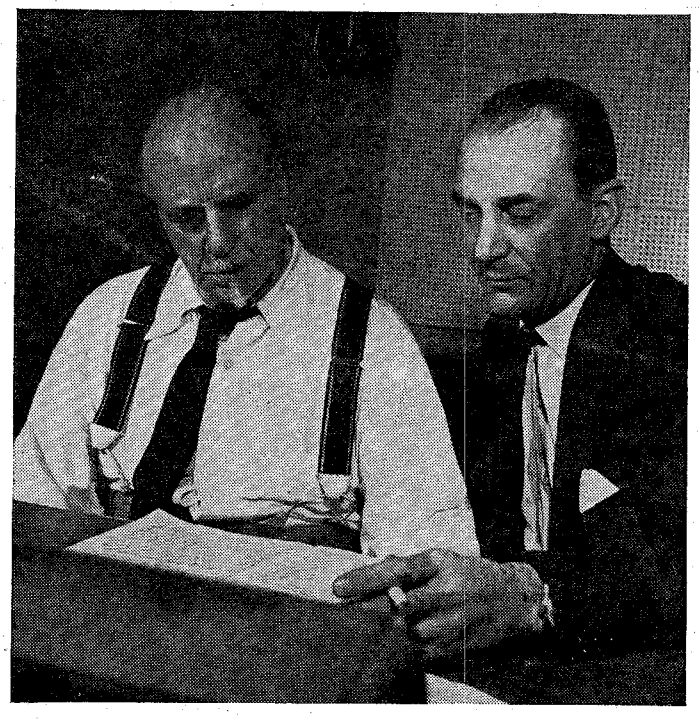
For many of the smallest company productions it may be assumed that the engineer or chief executive doubles as director, and such exemplaries as H. Vose Greenough, Jr. (Technicord), Jerry Newman (Esoteric), Peter Bartók and Robert E. Blake (under their own and other labels) are not unfamiliar, at least to specialist collectors. But few record buyers, unless they are exceptionally well informed or are enlightened by published recording-session accounts or candid-photograph captions, are acquainted with the names—much less the work—of such men as David Oppenheim, of Columbia, or Richard Mohr, of RCA Victor, to cite only two notable current directors. Such men usually achieve fame only by other activities, after they have left this field (as with Charles O'Connell, longtime RCA Victor director) or have become major executives (as with Goddard Lieberson of Columbia).

Yet every exceptional, or even competent, recording owes an incalculable debt not only to its composer, performers, and engineers, but also to the man who directly supervises and coordinates their efforts. He is saddled with extraordinary responsibilities, which can be carried only by the virtuoso exercise of exceptionally versatile skills. He labors under conventions, if not rigid restrictions, that are at paradoxical variance with the actual powers he wields. He must live and work in a kind of no-man's land midway between—but never overtly encroaching upon—the domains of musician and engineer. He must be ever conscious not only of their special needs and techniques, but of his own vital function, fulfiled largely by indirection and diplomatic suggestion, of mediating between and somehow effectively reconciling two oftentimes widely divergent, if not antagonistic, traditions and philosophies.

Moreover, he must first of all reconcile his own artistic and technical biases. He may have been a professional musician (like Oppenheim, a clarinetist, or the late Macklin Marrow, a conductor, or Richard Jones—of Capitol—a pianist, or Simon Rady—of Decca—a vocalist), an engineer (like Greenough, Bartók, and others), or writer (like Lieberson, Richard Gilbert, Hall, and probably several others), or he may be a layman with a musical background (like James Grayson, who has brought into being a large part of the Westminster catalogue), but as a director he must learn both the new terminologies and the very modes of thinking and feeling dictated by the other techniques involved. What some of his problems include, especially in dealing with celebrities, are portrayed clearly enough in O'Connell's "The Other Side of the Record," vindictive as those "unbuttoned" memoirs may be. But there are many other problems, some of which I'm afraid O'Connell himself never realized, or which perhaps never were realizable in an era when both musicianship and engineering were far more intolerant and circumscribed than they are today.

Anyway, I reflected, as I sat back—my task done—to gaze with satisfaction on my now neatly arranged shelves, the true index to recording directors' accomplishments lies less in jacket-note credits than in the miracle of sound they have helped to enshrine in the discs themselves. In a few cases I have seen and heard for myself how some of them achieved such results; for the rest, I can only guess. But I'm sure of this: the musicians and engineers they work with nowadays have far deeper mutual understanding and sympathy than they ever knew in the past. And the directors themselves are rapidly learning the secrets of turning what was once a war-torn no-man's land into an infinitely fruitful and harmonious tonal garden.

—R. D. DARRELL.



Sir Thomas Beecham and recording director Richard Gilbert —"a no-man's land between musician and engineer."

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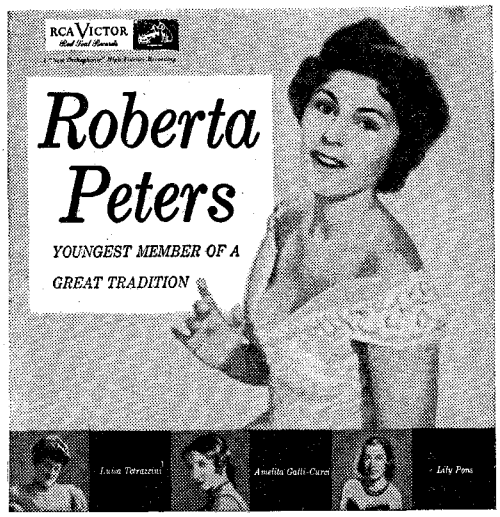

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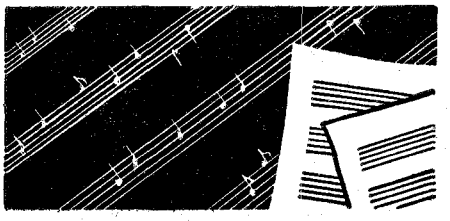
Toscanini and Brahms

By NEVILLE CARDUS, *music critic of the* Manchester Guardian.

THESE records which Toscanini has made with the NBC Symphony of the four Brahms symphonies (RCA Victor LM 6108, $23.80) will become historical in next to no time. They will preserve for long the essentials of Toscanini's style and method; the reproduction of tone and of vital rhythmical motion and accent almost convey to us the Maestro's living spirit. They are indeed rather terrific records, so realistic in suggestions of orchestral attack and sonority. Here and there a certain dryness of instrumentation robs Brahms of his right and proper unction in passages of warm-hearted song: for example, the cellos are without flavor in the lovely melody of the slow movement of the Fourth Symphony. Also the phrasing is rigid here. The semiquavers of the first violins, which adorn this melody, are not allowed to relax into anything or any mood which we could call *"dolce."* I find a similar lack of mellowness both of tone and phrase in the cello song of the first movement of the Second Symphony, especially when it comes back in the recapitulation newly decorated.

But whenever Brahms calls for stern measures and uncompromising directness of utterance the records seldom fail to ring absolutely true—perhaps truer to Toscanini than to the music. I am not altogether convinced that Toscanini's Brahms would be recognized at a first hearing by, say, Elizabeth von Herzogenberg, who wrote of the cello melody in the slow



movement of the Fourth Symphony: "this glorious long-drawn-out song of summer!" There is little enough of linked sweetness long-drawn-out in Toscanini's conducting nowadays. There are links, God knows. Every note is linked—in an unyielding chain of logic.

This treatment brings out impressively the brainstuff of Brahms. In recent years we have heard overmuch of the "romantic" Brahms, the avuncular mild-eyed old gentleman much given to listening in moonlight to the nightingale. There are no nightingales in Toscanini's Brahms. The Maestro remains, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, what might be described—in a paraphrase of W. S. Gilbert—as "a great I-tal-i-an." Age and culture don't necessarily subdue race; and Toscanini would not, if he could, wish to neutralize the true blood in him by too intensive a study of objectivity.

The energy of Toscanini is born of a Latin passion which, though intense, is as concentrated as the stab of a stiletto. Toscanini raises the blood pressure of Brahms; his own vitality dominates softer qualities, such as indulgence in private sentiment. Something of Brahmsian humors is missing from these magnificent recordings—and by humors I mean moods and dispositions and the flow of the juices. Toscanini's treatment of the C minor Symphony is superb in its musical urge. The energy or driving-force molds inevitably note by note, bar by bar, to the end of a movement, as though all has been foreseen in the beginning. The onward persistence of Toscanini's rhythm has no, or very little, use for rubato. As I have listened to these records, I have seen Toscanini in my mind's eye, seen his right arm circling inexorably. And once or twice the vision has come before me of a Brahms going round and round on the Ixion wheel of a stupendously great orchestra.

Where Toscanini occasionally fails in imagination, he compensates by his rare and perhaps unique gift or power to mold or shape a symphony so that each part is related to the whole. Never a sparrow of a semiquaver falls to wastefulness in a Toscanini interpretation. He can actually make a clumsy hiatus in a Brahms structure sound right and rational; for instance, there is the "snag" of the awkward "join" in the first movement of the Second Symphony—three pianissimo rumbles on the drum and three groping chords in the brass, and a blind kind of modulation to B minor. Toscanini somehow takes the stammer out of this passage. He takes hold of musical padding and all *durchkomponiert* stuff with the firm grasp of experience. He is, in the finest sense of the word, a great Professional as distinct from and in contrast to Sir Thomas Beecham, who is the great Amateur. Or, to change a metaphor which might easily be misunderstood for one more obviously complimentary, Toscanini is the vintner and Beecham is the connoisseur flavoring from the glass, turning the wine over on his palate.

Toscanini's interpretation of the C minor Symphony casts a clarifying comprehensive light into the recesses of the work; it is as though played under an X-ray of music and conducting. The handling of rhythm and of chords seems to me too masterful, too sure of itself, to suit the ideas and the general expressiveness of the first movement. For in this first movement there is more than a hint of those strivings, often pathetic in their uneven accents and aspiration, which Nietzsche misunderstood when he charged Brahms with musical impotence. There is a dark and backward abysm in this first movement, out of which come the bodeful plucking of strings, with woodwind pathetic and lonely, while the orchestra seeks to burst its bonds in a void. Toscanini endows the movement with a resolved and purposeful rhythm or pulse which, though increasing the tonal strength and grandeur, diminishes the pathos, the sense of life's frailty and ineffectuality which, I like to think, the movement can express with profoundly affecting humanity and poignancy.

It is natural and to be expected that Toscanini is at his greatest and most satisfying as a Brahms conductor when he is expounding or revealing to us the substance and spirit of the E minor Symphony. This is Brahms at his toughest as a musical thinker. The Passacaglia movement is classic in conception and execution; we are far from the *gemütlich Mitteldeutsch* Brahms. Here is music of strong intellectual fiber. The tragic tensions spring from purely musical thought

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AT THE TIME the records were sent to Mr. Cardus for comment in England the album and its editorial content were not yet available, hence this footnote to his review. The album is uniform with that of the Beethoven nine symphonies conducted by Toscanini, which is to say it is bound in heavy brown simulated leather. In addition to a pictorial biography of the conductor as frontispiece, the contents include a commentary entitled "Brahms, Toscanini, and History," and annotations on the works themselves by *SR*'s Music Editor, Irving Kolodin.

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processes; there is no appeal to nerves or sentiment. Toscanini conducts this masterpiece in a way that takes us as though through shaded corridors of introspection and autumnal groves of reflective poetry.

TOSCANINI remains in his old age rather at an esthetic extreme to the Toscanini of the mid-years of his wonderful career. He has lived to be described by the musical rationalists as the consummate conductor of the objective school. He is primarily concerned with trying to hear and feel, and make us hear and feel, the music as it exists in itself, as written down on paper by hand during the composer's lifetime. It is a quest after the absolute; and, of course, it is a vain quest. For the essence of a thing in time and space is that it is perceived by subjective vision and imagination. But, broadly, we can make a fair distinction between an interpretation which works from the external score or form of music inward, and an interpretation which reverses the process and, like one by Furtwängler, tells us almost as much of the conductor's esthetic reactions and way of thinking as it does of the composer's.

The integrity of Toscanini leads him now and again—oftener than that!—to an exactitude of rhythm that gets dangerously close to the metronomic. He risks too literal a reading of the time signatures. George Szell and Artur Schnabel once were arguing at rehearsal about the tempi of a Beethoven concerto—the Second, I fancy. "But, Artur," insisted Szell, "I have seen the metronome markings in Beethoven's own handwriting in the original *Partitur*." "Maybe," replied Schnabel, "and I have seen the original metronome, and it never could have been in order."

How tired Toscanini must be of his uncritical public! He, the restless searcher after the truth, is treated like the prima-donna who said that praise was good enough for her. We can bow to his genius, gratefully and humbly, with freedom to say that his veracity compels us frequently to crave for a yielding touch, an indulgent *rallentando*, for a rhythm that is not driven unswervingly onward, for a melodic nuance which woos the impressionable senses, for a sign of mortal fallibility of touch. Sometimes, when I am in a vein of blasphemy, I think that Toscanini is greater as a formalist than as a poet, that he achieves his effect less by imagination than by immense knowledge and experienced command over the orchestra, and an instinct for instrumental tone, the result of a lifetime's living in it.

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What to Do Till the Service Man Comes

WHAT to do when something goes wrong with your high fidelity equipment? The first impulse is to call a service man. But he is often ill-equipped to repair anything other than the standard radio and TV sets. Besides, you may not need him at all. Maybe your trouble stems from nothing more than a weak tube or from some other easily detected malady. It is more than likely that the simple, untechnical tests for your amplifier and FM tuner detailed here may assist you in locating the trouble. If you make these tests without locating and correcting the difficulty, then it's time to call in a technician.

The Amplifier:

It is safe to say that about 90 per cent of the trouble in an amplifier is due to faulty or weak tubes. If you know how to check your tubes, the chances are you will be able to locate the trouble. Of course, there are other tests the layman easily can make—and they will be described—but in most cases you will find the fault in the tubes. Tubes should be checked in this sequence:

1—Rectifiers.
2—Output Tubes.
3—Drivers.
4—Input Tubes.
5—Preamplifier tubes.

(Tubes can be identified from diagram which accompanies each product and which is often affixed to underside of the amplifier. If provided as a booklet, it should be retained both for owner's use and that of a service man when necessary.)

CHECKING A DEAD AMPLIFIER: If none of the tubes lights, make sure the AC line is plugged in. Then check the amplifier fuse. The fuse will be found in a receptacle, held in place by a screw top, and identified on the cap. (Sometimes the amplifier fuse will blow right after the power is turned on. This generally is due to a defective rectifier.) Next, look for a break in the power line cord, and make sure the wall socket is not defective. Then see if the on-off switch in the amplifier is working properly.

If the tubes light, but there is no sound in the loudspeaker, check connections of both ends of the wire leading to the speaker. Still no sound? Then check for weak or dead tubes. Proceeding in the sequence given above, observe the rectifier tubes and see if the filaments light normally. "Normal" is a cherry red. If they have a weak and light glow, discard. Also, if there is a blue, red, or purple glow that persists, the tube surely is defective and should be replaced. (Some tubes may show a blue glow until they become properly heated.)

If the plate of a rectifier tube turns cherry red, make these two simple tests. First, remove both output tubes (they are right in line), and if the plate remains cherry red your amplifier has a shorted or leaky condenser or choke. Call a service man. Second, if when removing the output tubes the plate of the rectifier resumes its normal color, then the *output* tube is shorted and must be replaced. The plate can be recognized as a vertical strip of metal in the tube.)

Assuming the trouble is not in the rectifiers, check the other tubes (in the proper sequence) in this manner: Remove and replace them, one by one. If when replacing a tube you do not hear a click in the loudspeaker—that tube is defective and should be replaced.

CHECKING WEAK AMPLIFIER: Tubes should be checked in the same order and in the same manner as for a dead amplifier. As the check progresses, the "click" should get increasingly louder. Then there's an additional test for weak output tubes. Remove one. If there is *no* difference in the volume or tone, the tube is weak and should be replaced. If there is a difference, replace the tube and subject the second output tube to the same test.

An indication of weak output tubes is loss of treble with a flat sound and muddy bass; or loss of bass with a shrill and strident treble. (In the latter case there is even the possibility that the tube or tubes will test "good" on a tube tester. However, it is always best to replace all tubes of which you are the least bit doubtful.)

The tip-off on a weak rectifier could be a dull, bassy tone, with no treble and no quality.

Try shaking the tubes. If you hear a sound as if something is bouncing around inside, it may mean that the

"That Stokowski with his beautiful hands . . . now it's Ormandy, Mitropoulos . . ."

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filament is loose and the tube should be replaced.

CHECKING FOR DISTORTION: The only reliable check for distortion is on a good tube tester. But, alas, very few repair shops have "good" tube testers. Your best bet is to replace each tube, one by one, in the sequence noted above. If a new tube eliminates the distortion, your problem is solved. Here are a few more hints. A weak or distorted sound may mean that one or both of the output tubes are weak or burned out. Tap the tubes with a tube-tapper, or the eraser end of a pencil, or the wooden end of a small screwdriver. If you get a response in the loudspeaker, the tube is microphonic and should be replaced.

In the case of the preamplifier, the tubes almost always will sound microphonic when tapped. The best test, then, is to tap the preamplifier and if you get a response in the speaker, replace the tubes, one by one, repeating the tapping on the preamp after each substitution until the offending tube has been located.

Some preamplifiers have selenium rectifiers. If you detect the odor of rotten eggs where there are no rotten eggs it is an indication that the selenium rectifier is shorted or overloaded. See your service man.

A final word about tubes. When getting new output tubes ask your dealer for a matched pair, especially when working with a Williamson-type amplifiers. A matched pair means that the two tubes show about the same calibration on the tube tester.

Some amplifiers have a control to balance the output tubes. Unbalanced tubes mean distortion. It is best to have a service man make this adjustment.

Here is one more thought that is given for what it is worth. It is generally conceded that ordinary lamp wire is adequate to connect the amplifier outputs with the loudspeaker. However, in at least one case we know of the quality of sound reproduction was greatly improved by substituting heavy-duty, well-insulated wire for the lamp cord.

HUM: If when turning on the set you hear a loud, roaring sound that dies away when the volume is turned down, try to isolate the noise by turning the selector switch of the amplifier or preamplifier to the various outputs. When it is isolated, see if the plug of the audio line connection to that output is making good contact, and also make sure you have good ground connections.

When excessive hum and interfer-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Recordings in Review

François à la Russe

PROKOFIEV: *Concerto No. 3 in C. Samson François, piano, with the Conservatoire Orchestra directed by André Cluytens.* (Angel 35045, $5.95/$4.95.)

BOTH for the player and what is played, this is a record in a hundred. François left a decidedly positive impression during his brief New York "look-see" six or so years ago, and it is reassuring to hear from this spirited, thoroughly understood, and beautifully shaded performance that he has made substantial progress in his art since then. Also, that if he is decidedly the most eccentric figure we have seen on the concert stage since the war (he affected a drooping moustache, long shaggy mane, and *fin de siècle* tailcoat when here), his eccentricities do not extend to denying himself the food and drink to maintain the vigor needed for playing.

In relation to this particular work—one of the finest of Prokofiev's scores, and hardly surpassed by another concerto of this era in style and workmanship—François comes much closer than either William Kapell or Dimitri Mitropoulos to matching the fantasy and atmosphere which the composer imparted to it in his own performances (including the famous recording with Piero Coppola, now no longer available). For one thing, he has the liquidity of sound to give the more delicate variations of the slow movement the kind of effect required, and he also has the rhythmic pulse to accord with Prokofiev's intentions in the first and last movements.

Samson François—"fantasy . . . atmosphere."

Cluytens, who was recently charged here with lack of animation in his treatment of Gounod's "Faust" (on RCA Victor) is another and decidedly more admirable conductor here. Whether he takes his ideas from François or vice versa, they are mostly virtuous, whether the mood is animated or reflective. The orchestra also does its work well, though a little wavering of pitch, both in the piano sound and in an occasional woodwind passage, suggests a tape not running quite evenly. Otherwise the recorded quality is excellent, full of definition, and yet amply resonant. To finish out the second side, François plays six of the "Visions Fugitives" (Nos. 1, 3, 6, 17, 4, and 18 of Opus 22) with humor and much pianistic grace, the D minor Tocatta energetically. It is in another style than the familiar one of Horowitz, suggesting the patter of raindrops rather than the hammer-blows to which we are accustomed.

Miss Pons, Meet Miss Peters

DONIZETTI: *"Regnava nel silenzio" ("Lucia"), etc. Roberta Peters, with orchestra conducted by Renato Cellini.* (RCA Victor LM 1786, $5.72.)

I AM as partial to the sound accomplishments and real promise of Roberta Peters as the next person, but it seems to me that RCA has done her a disservice in promoting her to the company of such reasonably immortal singers as Tetrazzini, Galli-Curci, and Pons in her first recording for this firm. This is accomplished by sloganizing the record: "Roberta Peters, Youngest Member of a Great Tradition," and providing, as pendant to her neat, well-turned, but still only modestly distinguished singing of matter from "Sonnambula," "Puritani," and "Linda di Chamounix," such old classics as Tetrazzini's "Io son Titania," Galli-Curci's "Una voce poco fa," and the Pons "Bell Song."

The consequence is to listen not for the voice of Miss Peters, but for that of some invented character who is sitting in the Hall of Fame while she is out earning a living. She has, as these fluent, and admirably musical, performances attest, no lack of skills with which to make her way in the world, but the way is not going to be made easier by the burden of that legend on her shoulders. For example, the Mad Scene from "Puritani" has none of the excitement and credibility that Callas imparts to it, a comparison one would not be inclined to make were it not for the company she is made to keep by the company that is keeping her.

The simple fact is that Miss Peters is a very able singer of the notes in this repertory, but she accomplishes little in conveying character, mood, or dramatic atmosphere. Thus when one is not being dazzled by feats of fluency (there is a real virtuosa one at the end of "Ah! non giunge") there is very little to listen to in the way of real artistry of singing.

To ply Miss Peters with comparisons provoked by the Tetrazzini, Galli-Curci, and Pons performances would scarcely be gentlemanly; however, I can only hope she listens to them (especially Galli-Curci's capriciously girlish "Uno voce poco fa" and Pons's brilliantly forceful "Bell Song") as often as she does to her own. The technical work throughout is excellent, allowing for a time span embracing 1908, 1927, 1930, and 1954.

The Vegh View of Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets in C (Opus 59, No. 3) and E flat (Opus 74). Vegh Quartet.* (Haydn Society HSQ-40, $5.95.)

HAD I not heard the Vegh Quartet in its introductory appearance in New York a few weeks ago, I would be inclined to attribute an unwanted wiryness in this sound to faulty engineering, but it is not much more than an intensification of actuality. Doubtless some frequency-minded persons will embrace this as a superior specimen of high fidelity, whether or not the consequence is pleasant to hear. (At some points of low volume, the sound has amazing clarity.)

For my taste, neither the C major of the "Rasoumovsky" series nor the E flat ("Harp") Quartet is the most representative Beethoven; thus it is hard to judge from the Vegh view of these works how they might fare in the other, more demanding ones. From time to time, one hears the same kind of enthusiastic, unguarded music making that made their Town Hall performances absorbing. Mostly, however, the players seem a little microphone shy, tending to be on their best behavior, technically.

Certainly, this group headed by Sandor Vegh has the cultivation and authority to bear out the assertion that they have been playing together, with no change in personnel, since 1940. According to information from the Haydn Society (which is acting as agent for the Collection Discophiles

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Français), this is but the first in a series of issues designed to cover the total quartets of Beethoven. Also to come are the "famous" ten of Mozart. There should be little that is unknown about the Vegh ensemble after that.

Art and Heart by Friedberg

SCHUMANN: *"Kinderscenen"; "Novelette," Opus 21, No. 4, etc. Carl Friedberg, piano.* (Zodiac LP Z-1001, $5.95.)

CONSIDERING his eminence in the world of pianism, it is close to remarkable that Carl Friedberg has done little or no recording despite his many years in this country. Now that he has—in a characteristic repertory of Schumann and Brahms—it is regrettable that the opportunity came only in his eighties, when even the most solid pianistic discipline may waver.

What one can hear from these particularly well recorded examples of his art is a tone of the most caressing, resonant sort, a simplicity of statement and a directness of style which are decidedly appropriate to Schumann's treacherously transparent writing. However, in some of the faster moving passages the pace is not steady, and the articulation is not all it should be. But the attention to structural detail is compelling and should be heard by anyone tempted by the economy of means in these pieces to use them for purposes of learning to play the piano.

There is, alas, not nearly so much to be said for the playing of the E flat Scherzo of Brahms (Opus 4) and the B flat (Opus 76, No. 4) and E flat (Opus 117, No. 1) Intermezzi. Some points of style and phrasing are effectively made, but the chordal sound is often muddy, the passage-work more than the player can now negotiate. The second side concludes with a brief work by the performer himself, interesting in design, thoughtful in mood.

Strauss for Winds

STRAUSS: *"Symphony" in E flat, Op. Post. Izler Solomon conducting a wind ensemble.* (M-G-M E 3097, $4.85.)

RICHARD STRAUSS once wrote into his "Heldenleben" a truculent version of the attacks of his enemies and how he vanquished them. Unfortunately, he is not here to do as much for some of his "friends," who have decided that he didn't know what he was doing when he called this work of 1944-45 a "sonatina." They have dubbed it "symphony" instead. This is more than a matter of nomenclature, for Strauss obviously didn't believe that he had written anything of symphonic scope, and to make the record appear to read that he did is to impugn the judgment of a man who was certainly entitled to call his own music what he thought most appropriate.

The simple fact is that Strauss was moved by his imagined communing with the spirit of Mozart (which grew more vivid as he grew older) to create a work in the manner of the famous Serenade for Thirteen Wind Instruments also in E flat (K.375, see page 54). However, he expanded the clarinet element from two to five (for purposes of sonority), thus creating a work for sixteen rather than thirteen players. Under Izler Solomon's spirited direction, and benefiting from gratefully transparent recording, it is here to evaluate and appraise.

However, the issue (in more than one sense) is confused by a jacket annotation both vague and uninformative which lacks, notably enough, the name of Edward Cole, who has done some excellent work for this company in the past. Thus, in the absence of a score, one has little idea of the purpose in the pattern of reminiscence employed by Strauss in utilizing the same material in the several different movements, nor is there any useful comment on the harmonic thinking which plays a dominant part in the scheme of the work. For general listeners the involutions and subtleties of thought will doubtless be unrewarding; for Straussians, or even for devotees of woodwind writing, this will be a fascinating course in the interesting, the eventful, and the unexpected.

Bach by Demus

BACH: *"Air with thirty variations" ("Goldberg"). Joerg Demus, piano.* (Westminster WL 5241, $5.95.)

JOERG DEMUS, who recently passed his twenty-sixth birthday, is the third, and thus far least known, of the notable group of young pianists to emerge from postwar Vienna. If he has not the remarkable power and magnetism of Friedrich Gulda, or the singing lyric style of Paul Badura-Skoda, Demus has some decided distinctions of his own: a remarkable control of the quieter keyboard effects, uncommon sensitivity to dynamics, and the kind of intellectuality which finds a natural outlet in this intricate music.

Withal, it should not be supposed that Demus is a mere cloud of gray matter, hovering over a piano, and somehow extracting sound from it. There is life and zest in this playing and, in the faster variations especially, a sparkling play of color. Some may say that this is inappropriate, not to say inimical, to Bach's best interests; but if we are to accept performance on an instrument so far from the composer's clavier as the present-day piano, who is to say what is "appropriate"? (Barring, of course, lapses of taste or garishness, to which Demus is never prone.) At its best, this clean-lined, always rhythmically animated playing reminds me more of Harold Samuel's Bach than any player I have heard recently.

In Memoriam, Kapell

BACH: *Partita in D (No. 4), etc. William Kapell, piano.* (RCA Victor LM 1791, $5.72.)

IT IS too soon to attempt an estimate of Kapell's playing as it exists for us on records, of which this is the latest and, substantially speaking, the last. Oddly enough, one has a much clearer mental image of the art of Dinu Lipatti, for example, who was never known to us, than of Kapell, whose public career was so well known. One day a reconsideration of the Kapell discography, from the first driving performance of Khachaturian down to this Bach, may yield some interesting conclusions.

For the moment, it is clear that he had made decided strides in certain areas not previously considered congenial to him: playing of this quietness and relaxed control is, to me, a new facet of Kapell (the final Gigue is omitted, as he left no approved version).

The second side offers a sequence of Schubert Ländler (Nos. 2, 5, 8, 14, 6, 7, 16, and 1) and the A flat Impromptu, followed by previously issued Liszt: the "Mephisto" Waltz and the "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 11. The Schubert is played with beautiful sound and musical integrity, but without the swing desirable in the dance pieces or the warmth of feeling for the Impromptu (as I visualize it). Both Liszt pieces are remarkable in accurate fluency and a sense of pianistic affinity, as well as identity with the style. The usual annotation is replaced by the tributes to the pianist written by Claudia Cassidy and Virgil Thomson after the lamentable accident in which Kapell was killed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Passacaglia in C minor, etc. Feike Asma, organ. Epic LC 3025, $5.95.	Thoroughgoing but rather prosaic performances of the great Passacaglia, the C major Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue, and the chorale "Jesu, joy of man's desiring," with a Handel "Basso ostinato" (from the G minor Concerto) as bonus. Both instruments that Asma uses (the organ of the "Old Church" in Amsterdam for the Passacaglia, that of St. John's in Gouda for the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue) are well reproduced, though at slightly excessive distance.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"). Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor LHMV 1044, $5.95.	Intellectualized, overstressed direction by Furtwängler who finds things in the score hard to discover even with his insistence upon them. On the other hand, some rather plain indications are disregarded, to say the least. Good warm sound, especially from the horns.
Beethoven: Quintet in E flat, Opus 16; also Mozart: Quintet in E flat, K.452. Rudolf Serkin with members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. Columbia ML 4834, $5.95.	Beautiful execution by the stellar members of the Philadelphia Orchestra's wind choir, especially by John de Lancie, the oboist who succeeds the recently retired Marcel Tabuteau. If I find Serkin's pianistic inclinations a little didactic, it is in some measure because neither work is outstanding for the composer represented and a lighter touch would be appropriate. Excellent sound.
Chabrier: "Suite Pastorale," etc. Jean Fournet conducting the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux. Epic LC 3028, $5.95. The same. Edouard Lindenberg conducting the Conservatoire Orchestra. London LL 871, $5.95.	This flattering attention to Chabrier's engaging work should not cause one to forget that it was pioneered on M-G-M by Warwick Braithwaite, whose treatment was at least as good as either of these. Mysteriously, too, the Lindenberg version "happens" to be paired with the "Jeux d'Enfants" of Bizet, which also was the second side of the Braithwaite. It offers, in addition, the "Jolie Fille de Perth" Suite, very attractively played and beautifully reproduced. Fournet's repertory is all Chabrier, with "España," the "Marche Joyeuse," Overture to "Gwendoline," etc. The recording, though vivid, is absurdly loaded on the bass end, with every drum thump italicized. In the aggregate this can be quite a number of drum thumps (in the "Marche," "España," etc.).
Haydn: Symphonies No. 96 and 97. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 854, $5.95.	Remarkably detailed, finely phrased performances of two of the less-favored Haydn symphonies (96, in D, is the one subtitled "Miracle," which Van Beinum played at his American appearances with the Philadelphia Orchestra). Each has a full quota of the composer's art, especially in the slow movements. The balance and proportion of the recording are good enough to be called "ideal" for this repertory.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 44 and 48. Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. London LL 844, $5.95.	Earlier Haydn than the foregoing and in the case of the No. 48 (subtitled "Maria Theresa") decidedly attractive for its trumpets in Handelian style. No. 44 is the "Trauer," similar in expressive intensity to the better known "Farewell." Both are brightly conducted by Wöldike and the sound is excellent. One is too aware, though, when a mike is opened or closed for close-up sound.
Moszkowski: Concerto in E. Hannes Kann, piano, with the Netherlands Philharmonic directed by Walter Goehr. Concert Hall CHS 1197, $5.95.	The equivalent of the politician's "glittering generalities" has rarely been so completely propounded in a musical work as in this sample of Moszkowski's venture into a field rather beyond him. In this creation of the Nineties he is impartially partial to Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, even Brahms; but the result does not spell Maurycy (the Polish form of Moritz) Moszkowski. Kann is a young Viennese pianist who discharges his task fluently and with as much musicianship as the score permits. Excellent orchestral sound under Goehr, colorfully reproduced.
Mozart: Concerto in A (K.622). Ewald Koch, clarinet, with Herbert Haarth conducting; also Strauss: Concerto in E flat, Opus 11. Heinz Lohan, horn, with Gerhard Weisenhütter conducting. Urania 7108, $5.95.	Fluent performance, singularly well reproduced, with a more sonorous string tone than Urania generally gives. Koch may not have the individuality of a Kell, but he is a master of his instrument and an excellent musician. As much may be said of Lohan, though his is a more tricky one to handle, and a slip or two might have been corrected in a retake, likewise some differences in intonation between strings and brass.
Mozart: Serenade for Thirteen Winds (K.361). Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group. Westminster WL 5229, $5.95.	Hardly the kind of Mozart expected from an ensemble of the advertised affiliation: sluggish in tempi, with a pedantic emphasis on precision taking precedence over the flow of superb music in this "Gran Partita." It would be desirable, too, for the players to be identified more specifically. However, Westminster does sustain its technical standard in a reproduction of luster and clarity.
Ravel: "Alborada del Gracioso," etc. Dinu Lipatti, piano. Columbia ML 2216, $4.	If the ominous inscription "last available recordings" is an accurate statement of the repertory of the late Dinu Lapatti—there is some impression that he has some repertory on other labels, not accessible to Columbia—it is sharp cause for regret. The Ravel is fancifully played, and Lipatti's musical gamut finds him equally at ease with the Liszt "Sonetta del Petrarca 104" and two Scarlatti sonatas: Longo 23 and 413. The recording is far from remarkable, the two sides rather skimpy for a ten-inch LP, especially the one with the two Scarlattis.
Tartini: Sonata in G minor. David Oistrakh, violin, with V. Yampolski, piano. Period SPL 573, $5.95. The same. Colosseum CRLP 148, $5.45.	Apparently the Iron Curtain is pretty porous where Oistrakh is concerned, the trickle of old now being close to a flood. In the manner of the items mentioned last month, Period and Colosseum have made it difficult for the admirers of the Soviet violinist's art to get what they want without unnecessary duplication. The first, in addition to the dazzling execution of Tartini, offers the Beethoven "Spring" Sonata and the Schubert A major Duo; the second, the Brahms D minor Sonata powerfully played. Colosseum's echo chamber gives an empty Carnegie Hall effect to a tape Period rightly judges to be satisfactory as is.
Tchaikovsky: "Gremin's Air" from "Eugene Onegin," etc. Raphael Arie, basso, with orchestra conducted by Alberto Erede. London LD 9074, $2.95.	Decidedly engaging vocal art by Arie, whose style and understanding are also warmly sympathetic to the "Song of the Viking Guest," from "Sadko"; "I Hate a Dreary Life," from "Prince Igor"; and Sussanin's aria "They guess the truth," from Glinka's "A Life for the Czar." Since Arie did not make a particularly strong impression in his brief engagement at the City Center, the suggestion is that he is more effective on records than in a large theatre. In any case this is admirable singing of an interesting repertory, and well treated technically. —Irving Kolodin.

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What to Do . . .

Continued from page 51

ence are encountered, run a ground wire from the amplifier (it can be connected under any screw) to a cold water pipe or some other suitable connection.

If the amplifier has a hum control, turn it to the point where you hear the minimum amount of hum.

NOISY CONTROLS: Sometimes when adjusting the volume or tone controls or selector switches you will hear a rasping sound or a hum in the loudspeaker. Turn off the amplifier and let a little carbon tetrachloride ooze down the shaft of the offending control, at the same time rapidly rotating the knob. This will clear the trouble in most cases. If it doesn't, the control should be replaced.

The Tuner:

If the tubes of the tuner do not light, check electrical connections as suggested for the amplifier. Also, see if the amplifier tubes light. If they do not, the trouble lies in the amplifier; if they do, it's in the tuner.

If the tuner tubes light and there is no audible signal, check for the normal cherry red glow in the rectifier, which is located near the transformer. If the glow is not normal then the tube is defective. Here is another test for the tuner rectifier. Notice the tuning "eye" of the tuner. If it is not green, it means that the rectifier is defective. (It also could mean a shorted condenser.)

Tuner tubes should be checked in the same manner employed with amplifier tubes: Listen for the click when removing and replacing them, and check for microphonics by tapping. They should be tested in this order: Rectifier, second detector, limiter, I.F. stages, and oscillator. (The tapping system is not effective with oscillators.)

WEAK OR DISTORTED SIGNAL FROM TUNER: Check tubes in the manner described above; also by replacing, one by one. If none of these tests shows up the trouble, see a service man. Much of the trouble, however, could come from the antenna. Rusty hardware on the antenna will cause a flickering signal. So can a poor connection between the lead wire attached to the tuner and the antenna. Check for breaks in the lead wire, especially at the point where it comes in the window.

—Herbert DeBaer and Morris Mandel.

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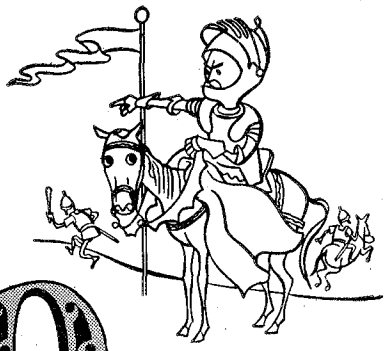

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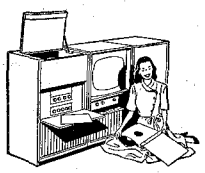

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IN THE best circles, modern jazz has become a fascinating play of musical ideas backed by stunning technical facility. In other words, the situation suggests that of modern music in general. Everywhere you bend your ear, beguiling sounds are to be heard.

I have, for example, some guitar music, full of pulse and nuance, from Laurindo Almeida, a Brazilian performing on the Spanish concert guitar (fingers, no electricity) with the assistance of California friends: Bud Shank, a first-class modern alto saxophonist; Harry Babasin, bass; and Roy Harte, drums (Pacific Jazz PJ LP-7). This LP represents a six-number fusion of Brazilian and U.S. strains which is chamber jazz at a high level. The saxophonist Shank is also a fine rhythmic flutist and appears with the flute in support of the excellent electric guitarist Barney Kessel, a disciple of the late Charlie Christian. Both may be forgiven the electric gadgetry. True musicianship makes up for practically anything. As against Almeida's Latin seductions, Kessel makes charming domestic music, including Duke Ellington's "I Let a Song Go out of My Heart," Vernon Duke's "What Is There to Say" and George Shearing's "Lullaby of Birdland" (Contemporary C2508).

The modern California school further provides the gifted little Gerry Mulligan Quartet with the alto saxophonist Lee Konitz as an added starter (Pacific Jazz EP4-11). This is poised, delicate invention with sensitive voicing of the trumpet, two saxophones, string bass, and drums. If this playing sometimes smells of the laboratory, I can only say that I always enjoy watching experts at their experiments. For the most part, there is lovely, light polyphony over buoyant rhythm. And there are vigorous piano excursions by Russ Freeman, with the elegant Shelley Manne on the drums and a bassist bearing the wonderful name of Joe Mondragon (Pacific Jazz PJLP-8).

In the solid middle ground of jazz I have received a savory twelve-inch LP called "Ballad Medley" which exhibits some of the ablest talents in the business. Without pause, the following play solos as follows: alto saxophonist Willie Smith ("Indian Summer"), tenor saxophonist Stan Getz ("Willow Weep for Me"), trumpeter Harry Edison ("If I Had You"), tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray ("Ghost of a Chance"), pianist Arnold Ross ("Love Walked In"), bassist John Simmons ("Body and

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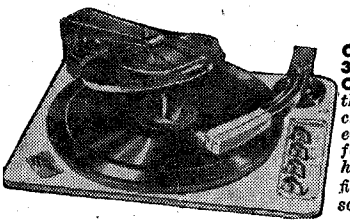

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Soul"), clarinetist Buddy de Franco ("Nancy"), and alto saxophonist Benny Carter ("I Hadn't Anyone Till You"). Add in the fact that Buddy Rich is at the drums, and that the other side is a fast blues jamboree with substantially the same cast and Count Basie at the piano, and the result is a definite lure (Clef Jam Session No. 3).

ALSO inviting are two ten-inch LP's by the Vic Dickenson Septet. Dickenson is one of our best all-around trombonists, with a rich command of the New Orleans tail-gate style, interspersed with droll, snorting effects, and alternating with a delicate, legato manner. Here he is surrounded by the warmly impeccable Edmond Hall on the clarinet, a graceful Bostonian trumpeter named Ruby Braff, and a strong rhythm section headed by a pianist described as Sir Charles Thompson, who has much of the engaging simplicity of Count Basie. They offer four long improvisations on "Russian Lullaby," "Jeepers Creepers," "I Cover the Waterfront," and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," as well as a piano specialty by Thompson (Vanguard VRS 8001 and 8002). My only complaint is of a certain monotony from the rhythm section. To be sure, it has a kind of hypnotic regularity. But when John Hammond, who apparently put this worthy recording band together, likens the section to Count Basie's historic group (Basie, Joe Jones, Freddie Green, Walter Page) he must be momentarily forgetting the incredibly light and electric variety with which that quartet sparked his own favorite band.

Bedrock values are offered this month for the New Orleans Protective Association. Still on the Coast is Kid Ory, the sixty-seven-year-old trombonist who holds the Crescent City Challenge Cup and who considerably antedates his most famous former trumpeter, Louis Armstrong. From his new Pacific home, Ory issues an LP of irresistible sock and nostalgia (Good Time Jazz L21). The band includes, among others, cornetist Teddy Buckner, clarinetist Pud Brown, pianist Don Ewell, and those New Orleans perennials, bassist Ed Garland and drummer Minor Hall. Ory proceeds to remind us that the flaring poetry and jubilation of the old jazz music, to say nothing of its more dulcet agitations, is not dead—not so long as these men of heart and memory are here to serve us. The tunes are all classics, from "Milneberg" to "Bill Bailey." This is where a great many oldsters came in, and where we have no intention of going out.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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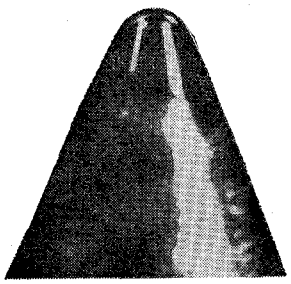

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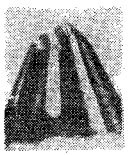

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

LATEST NEWS from the record companies suggests that 45 rpm is about to descend upon us to far greater purpose than hitherto. Up to the present its impact has been negligible, due largely to the half-hearted manner of its introduction by EMI—the restricted repertoire so far available and the disappointing quality of many of the discs. Now it appears that Decca has decided to take the plunge, while EMI are at last thinking in terms of Extended Play 45's. Even more interesting, however, is the rumor that the major record companies of America and Europe have been talking turkey about recording characteristics and have reached agreement about a curve to which all will adhere in the future. Should this indeed be true, it would be a tremendous step in the right direction: our music lover may be able once again to play his records without invoking the aid of spells such as NAB, AES, FFRR, or Orthophonic!

For the present, however, the letters FFRR still denote FFinest RRecordings to the British LP enthusiast, despite the increasing challenge of much-improved EMI discs and some outstanding Westminster recordings issued by Nixa. Among the latest examples of Decca's skill there is a work much esteemed in hi-fi circles: Ravel's masterly adaptation of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." Ansermet and the Suisse Romande take a cool, objective, and not unduly sensational view of the score, while the engineers eschew close-ups of cymbal clashes. The net result is a disc of real distinction, full of musical and sonic subtleties, instead of a mere "nine days' wonder." Despite the conductor's comparatively leisurely tempi, Decca has found room for a substantial "fill-up": "La Valse," for which Ansermet directs the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. Two further Geneva issues find Ansermet and the Suisse Romande in support of the American pianist Julius Katchen and the French cellist Maurice Gendron. The latter's ultra-refined style makes Schumann's romantic A minor Concerto seem unduly emasculated, but he shows remarkable aplomb in Tchaikovsky's "Rococo Variations." Katchen is the soloist in the Third Concertos of Prokofiev and Bartók, each of which is performed and recorded with real distinction.

Like Ansermet, Josef Krips is this month featured on three discs with two different orchestras. Under his direction the London Symphony Orchestra always gives of its best, and the playing in a pairing Mendelssohn's "Italian" and Schumann's D minor Symphonies, as well as in two Mozart concertos, K.488 and K.491, is of a very high quality. Krips's other orchestra is the Amsterdam Concertgebouw; their joint achievement is a suave and lively Beethoven Fourth, beautifully recorded but, on two twelve-inch sides, rather uneconomical by current American (i.e. RCA Victor-Toscanini) standards. Under its regular conductor, Van Beinum, the Concertgebouw has given us a superb Britten coupling consisting of the Sea Interludes and Passacaglia from "Peter Grimes" and the delightful "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra."

Nor has Decca neglected chamber music. As in Columbia's December list, the Quartetto Italiano currently has no fewer than three LP's to its credit—two of them devoted to Schubert (Opus 29 in A minor and Opus 168, No 1 in B flat) and one to Mozart (K.590 in F and K.155 in D). Playing of such technical excellence cannot but evoke our admiration, but I must confess that I find their performances so mannered as to be almost unbearable. More enjoyable by far are two piano quintets by Boccherini, No. 1 in A and No. 4 in D minor, which are enchantingly presented by the Quintetto Chigiano, while the Vegh Quartet gives a distinguished account of the fine Quartet No. 2, Opus 10, by Kodály coupled with a rather cool performance of Smetana's familiar E minor Quartet ("From my life").

I was glad to see that Decca (alias London) has begun to distribute Oiseau-Lyre records in the USA, for the fine products of this French company deserve to be more widely known than hitherto. Current releases in this country include Bach's "St. John Passion" directed by Kurt Thomas (unfortunately the soloists here are not quite as good as those in OL's "Christmas Oratorio"), a collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French harpsichord music played by Isabelle Nef, Couperin's "Troisième Concert Royal" for two harpsichords in which Mme.

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Nef is joined by Ruggero Gerlin, and a new Concerto for Harpsichord and Small Orchestra by the distinguished Swiss composer Frank Martin.

TELEFUNKEN recordings continue to arrive in fair numbers from the Decca presses, but their technical standard is still somewhat patchy. However, a lively performance of Mozart's great Serenade in B flat, K.361, from the wind ensemble of Berlin's RIAS Orchestra (which will appear in London for the first time early in April), leaves little to be desired, while Rimsky's "Scheherazade," agreeably played by the Belgian Radio Orchestra under Franz André, is very well recorded. Nor should we ignore an impressive performance of what is somewhat loosely described as the "Love Duet" from "Tristan" (save for a slight cut we have here the whole central portion of Act II, beginning just before Tristan's arrival and ending with the return of King Mark *et al*). Martha Mödl is an exciting Isolde, Wolfgang Windgassen an uncommonly musical Tristan, and Johanna Blatter a healthy-voiced Brangaene. Unfortunately, the orchestra is not very distinguished, the recording often ill-balanced.

Poetry continues to occupy a prominent niche in Argo's output and this company has recently issued some good records devoted to Shelley, Keats, and Hopkins, Wordsworth and Donne, and to Federico Garcia Lorca. Another of its specialities is twentieth-century British song, and this month we have received two splendid discs of music by Britten and the late Peter Warlock, sung by Alexander Young (tenor), assisted by Gordon Watson (piano) and other instrumentalists. Britten is represented by two major cycles: the "Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo" and the "Holy Sonnets of John Donne." We tend to associate these songs too exclusively with performances by Peter Pears and the composer; I found it refreshing and revealing to hear them sung by a tenor with a brighter, more robust voice. Warlock wrote many songs of great distinction, and his W. B. Yeats cycle, "The Curlew" (for voice, flute, English horn, and string quartet), has a desolate beauty all its own. Apart from "The Curlew", Argo's Warlock disc contains eleven miscellaneous songs with piano accompaniment. Here, as in the Britten, Mr. Young sings magnificently, with fine tone, clear diction, and a subtle feeling for words, while the recordings maintain the welcome technical improvement I noted when last I discussed this company's products.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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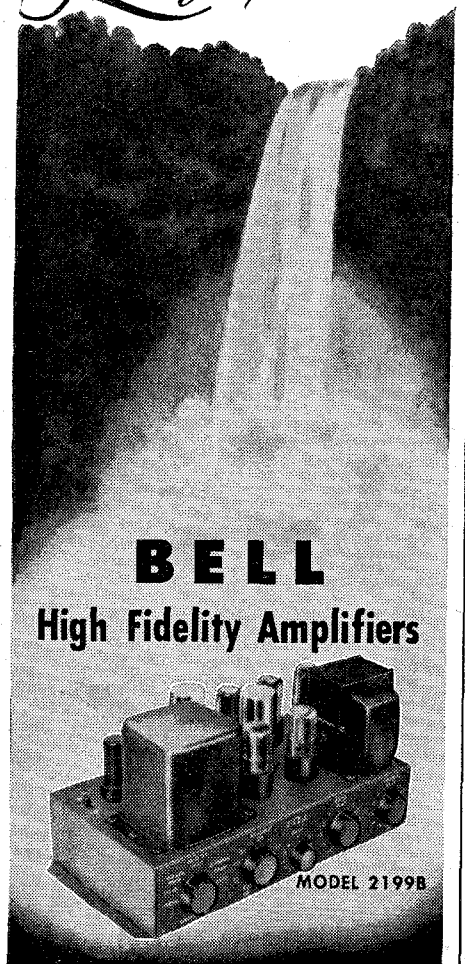

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An Imposing B minor Mass

IT IS the glory and the despair of every musical masterpiece that absolute perfection in performance is never quite attainable, that even when the critic cries "definitive" there is something still to add the next time a vital interpretive mind is set at it. Available recordings of Bach's B minor Mass now number six, and it is a sign of growing understanding that the latest (Angel 3500-C, $17.85) is in sum easily the best of the lot. The "Christmas Oratorio," making its third appearance on LP (London-Oiseau Lyre OL 50001-3, $17.85), also shows an improvement, though a less striking one.

For the Mass, Herbert von Karajan conducts the chorus and orchestra of the Friends of Music in Vienna. These forces are apparently of moderate size, which means clarity: the passages of rapid coloratura never become muddy or obscure. One is struck immediately with the first outcry of "Kyrie" by the bold and imposing sound of the recording. The quartet is certainly the finest since the fabulous group in the ancient and overweight Coates performance with which the work first came to discs, and happily the conductor does not share what seems to be the view of Scherchen, his most formidable phonographic rival, that the solos are necessary relief, not to be taken too seriously in themselves. Here each of the soloists is an artist—Schwarzkopf, Höffgen, Gedda, and Rehfuss—and their work is given a beautiful setting by Karajan.

In matters of tempo, Karajan is often at opposite poles from Scherchen. I well remember my incredulity at the tempo of Scherchen's first "Kyrie": could he possibly hold it together? It was his great achievement that he did, but Karajan is right in not emulating him. The "Christe" is the most reserved and reverent performance I have ever heard; the two voices match miraculously. The second "Kyrie," I think, is too fast, especially as it is followed by a very rapid "Gloria." I might disagree too with the tempo of "Et in terra pax," but I take the conception to be rather of a joyful dance than of peace in the sense I have always felt in this passage. I was struck again by the almost leaden drag of "Qui tollis," seemingly oppressed by its intolerable burden. Again the treatment of "Et incarnatus" is slow and foreboding, which I liked, but I did not adjust easily to so agitated a "Crucifixus." This in turn takes away from the excitement of "Et resurrexit," lightly as it is handled. The "Sanctus" is terrific, the "Pleni" very light and transparent. And though the "Osanna" is also light, a good contrast is made with the tempo. After a masterly "Benedictus" by Mr. Gedda, the second "Osanna" comes in more powerfully than before, though the engineers may have helped in this effect.

Kurt Thomas, who is responsible for the new "Christmas Oratorio," is hardly in Karajan's class. Using, we are told, a 220-voice choir and the orchestra of the Detmold Academy of Music, he gives a workmanlike performance, better reproduced than were Grischkat and Grossmann in their recordings. Interpretatively he stands somewhere between the leisurely pace of the one and the businesslike stride of the other. But his is an uncompromising beat, and the cutting of an occasional *da capo* does not keep the work from seeming long. The soloists are not outstanding, though the contralto, Lore Fischer, gives a nice account of the lovely "Schlafe, mein Liebster." The crucial trumpets and horns stand out well in the ensemble, but not without the usual perils.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

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An Anthology

Continued from page 44

authority. Ornamentation has been supplied where contemporary performers would have supplied it. Praetorius's elaborate setting of "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern"—and what a glorious thing it is!—is performed in accordance with his own instructions in the "Syntagma Musicum." We have not hesitated to use instruments to double the voices in an Ockeghem Mass movement, and pieces of the madrigal type have not invariably been recorded in purely vocal form; Claudin de Sermisy's enchanting four-part *chanson* "Tant que vivray" is performed by voice, flute, and lute as three ladies in a famous painting by the anonymous "Master of the Half-Lengths" perform another song by the same composer, printed in the same collection.

The well-known *Beispielsammlungen* and historical anthologies in score usually take a date round about 1800 as *terminus ad quem*; so did the radio "History in Sound of European Music." The reason is obvious; easily available material for these later periods exists in abundance. But that is only partly true of recorded music. In the field of opera alone there are astounding gaps in the lists of historically important music on discs, and in the nineteenth century "The History of Music in Sound" will do something to fill those gaps. It will also do other things that ordinary commercial discs never attempt: give a Paganini violin caprice and its piano transcription by Schumann, Norwegian folk-material and its treatment by Grieg, parallel settings of a poem by different masters of the *Lied*. The last volume will provide all the illustrations—and more—that any lecturer will need to demonstrate "Tendencies in Twentieth-Century Music" or "The Evolution of Contemporary Music."

Lecture illustrations? The entire "History" is, if you like, a huge collection of lecture illustrations and is already being widely used as such in British universities and schools. But it would be dismal indeed if that were the "History's" only fate. It has been planned, it is true, to illuminate; but it has from first to last been planned as an anthology of living and beautiful music. It has already given keen esthetic pleasure to the planners, and it is their hope that it will give equal pleasure to thousands of music-lovers who up to now have had little conception of the rich variety of vital and rewarding music of far distant times and cultures.

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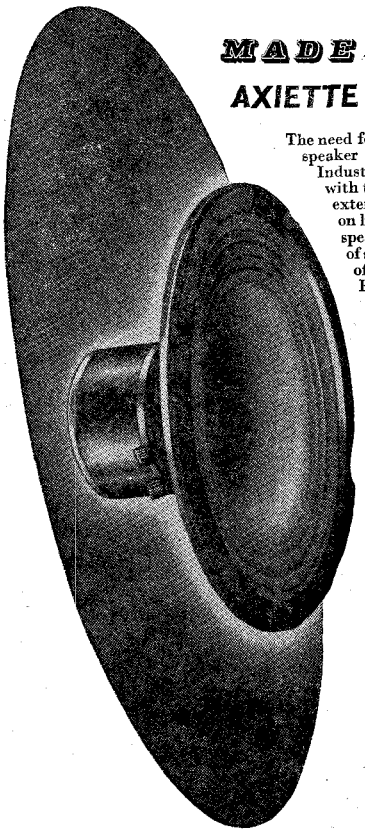

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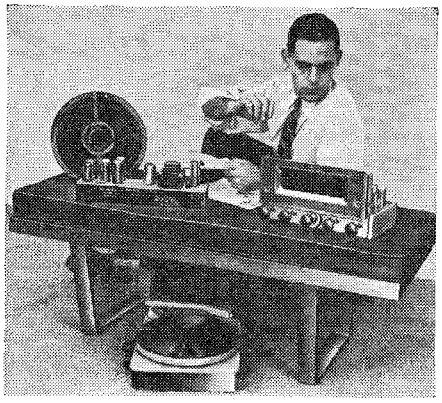

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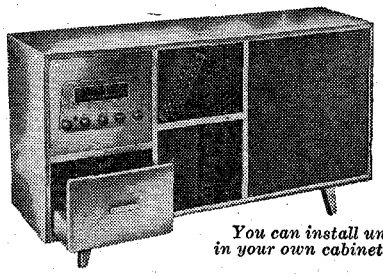

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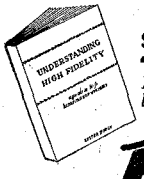

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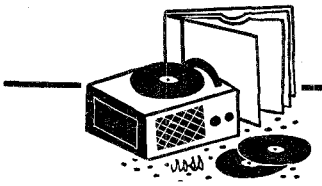


SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Second Views of Hindemith, Copland

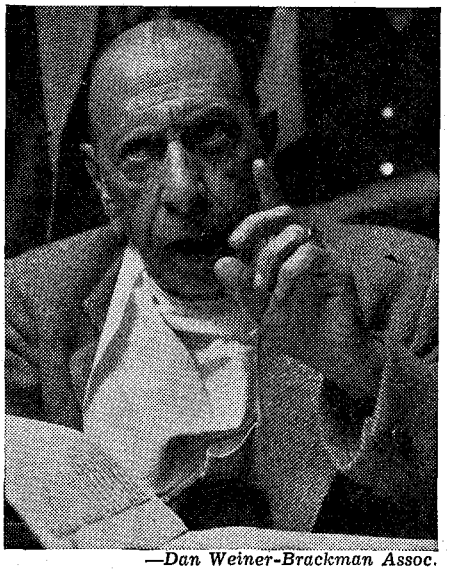
THE rate at which the list of new works on records is lengthening itself out reflects, perhaps, a speculative business sense on the part of the LP companies more than the pioneering spirit of the art patron. Beethoven conducted by an unknown might quite understandably present itself as a less profitable investment than a contemporary work that no other company purveys—which is all very fortunate for those of us interested in new music. But once such works are on LP they obviously lose this advantage, and inferior recordings of worthwhile modern music may remain long without competition, since the LP companies are reluctant to duplicate the titles in the catalogue. More and more of late, however, there have been indications of a relaxation of policy in this regard, as witness some recent noticeably improved LP versions of no less than three works that were in need of them: Hindemith's "Marienleben" in the revised form completed in 1948 (Columbia SL-196, $11.90), William Schuman's "Undertow" Capitol P-8238, $5.70), and Copland's "Quiet City" (Capitol P-8245, $5.70).

Jennie Tourel, heard on Columbia's "Marienleben," gave the first performance of this forceful song cycle in its revised form five years ago. The occasion is remembered not alone for her abilities as interpreter and gift for coping with so vast a musical problem, but also for the penetrating musicianship and keyboard skill of her collaborator, Erich Itor Kahn. Also, the composer had given his stamp of authority to the rendition. While Columbia delayed in taking advantage of the achievement of these two unusual artists, Lyrichord—without the benefits either of Columbia's technical setup or such accomplished performers—rushed in with an album that seemed then, to those interested in the work, better than nothing.

Where the work on the earlier LP seemed austere (especially in the abstractly developed pieces like the passacaglia or variations) it now seems permeated with warmth; and the four sections into which the fifteen songs fall, according to the composer (whose long preface in Arthur Mendel's translation is supplied with the album), distinctly contrast with one another when given the proper treatment. Tourel does not surmount all the vocal problems, which are still considerable even though Hindemith's revisions have eliminated what is unnatural to the singing voice. The lovely first song, which lies a bit high for her, suffers most, but listeners should not be discouraged by this from going on. For despite the strained moments and some unwarranted breathing in the midst of phrases, the overall result is distinguished.

Since I first discussed Hindemith's revisions in these columns three years ago when the Lyrichord LP appeared, I have become somewhat resigned to them, though such a detail as the A in place of the A-flat of the 1924 version at the opening of the fifth song—insignificant though it may seem—still strikes me as a miscalculation. The original in this and some other instances seemed so much more inspired! And there is good reason to be suspicious of anything so deliberate and extra-musical as Hindemith's device of superimposing on a work already completed a tonal scheme determined by its poetic references (A for Christ, E for Mary, etc.). But with all these reservations, the total effect of this recording is so profound that I heartily recommend it.

The conductor and orchestra of a ballet company, besides enjoying direct contact with the expressive substance of the music they play, really get to know the notes of the music simply as a result of performing it again and again. When the conductor is so able an individual as Joseph



—Dan Weiner-Brackman Assoc.
Stravinsky—"no momentary flirtation."

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Levine and the orchestra such an expert group as that of Ballet Theatre, the chances of a first-class performance run high. Schuman's "Undertow" is the latest work to profit from these auspices. The remarkable effects he achieves through his command of the orchestra come across unusually well as a result of the live reproduction and the orchestra's excellent balancing of sonorities. This compelling music, heard here in condensed form ("choreographic episodes") for concert use, wears well on the whole, except for the insistence on the Salvation Army hymn.

CHIEF billing on this LP is given to Copland's "Billy the Kid," described on the front of the sleeve as "ballet suite" and on the back as "complete except for certain minor cuts." It is an odd hybrid of both. The waltz and the few transitional sections that supplement the suite in this new Capitol version are scarcely enough to offer serious competition to the Columbia LP of the suite alone which Bernstein made in 1950. Levine achieves extraordinary results at times but there are rough spots in his rendition of this superlative score. The opening, incidentally, is taken at the tempo that has been adopted for its performances at the ballet rather than at the broad, eloquent pace Copland originally conceived for it.

Copland has been more fortunate with "Quiet City" at the hands of Vladimir Golschmann. Part of an LP labeled "Contemporary American Music," it is notable for stunning virtuosity on the trumpet by Harry Glantz. His solo part has been blown up by the recording engineers at the expense of the English horn and strings, but the mood of this infinitely tender and nostalgic little work is beautifully maintained. The record as a whole favors strings, and for a tour de force in this medium there could scarcely have been a better choice than David Diamond's "Rounds." It is youthful and exuberant music that seems to have taken shape at a point in his career when his technique and expressive powers were singularly free. Strings keep up a busy canonic dialogue with the means of repeated notes and scales on the "white-notes" —unimpeded, that is, by chromatic change. Music of Barber and Creston round out this LP.

It is to be hoped that Golschmann and his Concert Arts Orchestra will give us more of these American assortments, for performances of such polish will do more to win adherents for this music than the well-meaning readings of the usual, essentially semi-professional, groups devoted to "the cause." Such groups perform a service

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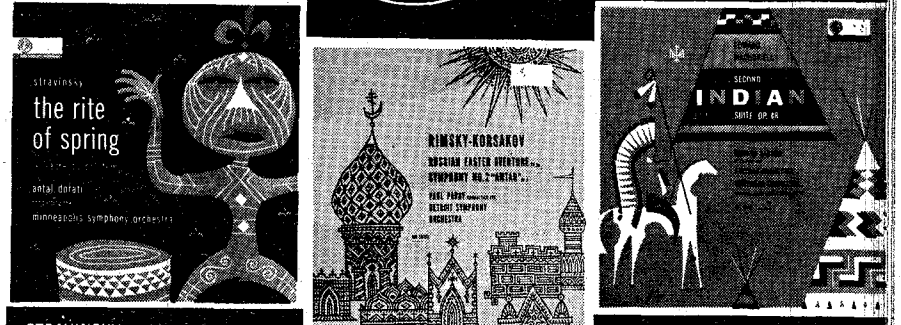

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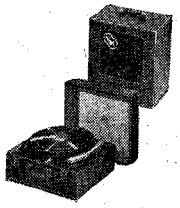

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for the informed listener capable of divining how the music really should sound, but they cannot compete with a truly first-class orchestra and conductor. At the moment, the "Contemporary American Music" LP seems to be just one of a kind, since there has also been issued under the same auspices an LP labeled "Modern French Music" (Capitol P-8244, $5.70)—which may mean that Golschmann is primarily interested in scouting around for a variety of LP subjects. This one is essentially a bouquet of sophisticated light music, assembled and executed with taste: Milhaud's "Boeuf sur le toit," Ravel's "Tombeau de Couperin," Saties "Gymnopédies," and Honegger's "Pastorale d'été."

HIGH up among recent releases of music new or old is Stravinsky's "Pulcinella," the ballet in its entirety, conducted by the composer (Columbia ML 4830, $5.95). The complete score is twice as long as the suite and contains vocal parts for soprano, tenor, and bass. It is a pity that Stravinsky was not able to enlist the cooperation of better singers for this recording, made in Cleveland with the Cleveland Orchestra. But it is so very good to have the whole of "Pulcinella" on records for the first time and to hear its instrumental parts so well played and its humor kept so firmly from falling into cheap burlesque that it is easy to overlook the shortcomings of the vocal passages, which are, happily, less numerous than the orchestral ones.

"Pulcinella" is an important transitional work between the period of Stravinsky's preoccupation with Russian folk songs and the time, in the Twenties, when he adopted the style loosely described as "neo-classic." In 1920 a ballet from Stravinsky based on tunes of Pergolesi could easily be interpreted as a passing nod to the successful vogue of arranging eighteenth-century music for Diaghilev's ballets. One could find in his methods of setting Pergolesi's tunes many of the same ingenious devices of harmony, rhythm, and instrumentation that had characterized his treatment of Russian folk song. What change there was in general could be attributed to an understandable propriety in observing the amenities of eighteenth-century Italy, though even so the boisterous (but never vulgar) humor of a Russian at heart peeps through at times. It is only in retrospect that we realize that this was no momentary flirtation with an old style and that a special love and understanding of that style were already emerging.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London, Conducted by Dean Dixon WL 5274

PAUL CRESTON:
Symphony No. 2, Opus 35
Symphony No. 3, Opus 48
The National Symphony Orchestra, (Washington, D. C.) Conducted by Howard Mitchell WL 5272

MOZART:
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Josef Hermann—Bass
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PIANO ENCORES:
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BEETHOVEN:
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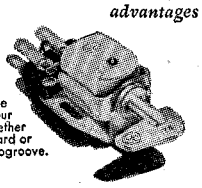

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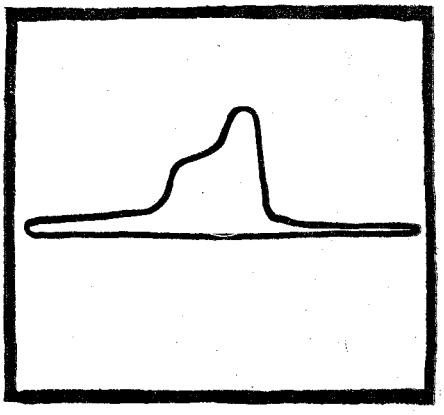

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Pop Roundup

"THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE" was hardly one of Rodgers and Hart's major efforts, but the show was a Broadway hit by 1938-9 standards, achieving 235 performances. In its score, however, are ample reasons for its reconstruction and recording, and Columbia Records has undertaken this for release in its selective musical comedy repertory series (ML 4837). As with the previous Rodgers-Hart releases, "On Your Toes" (ML 4645), "Pal Joey" (ML 4364) and "Babes in Arms" (ML 4488), producer Goddard Lieberson has assembled a cast of singers that suggests the live theatre more than the recording studio—which is to infer that they sing rather poorly by phonographic standards but manage to get their message across with appropriate flair and color. The musical arrangements are particularly fresh and theatrical, complimentary to the bright-eyed, urbane *oeuvre* of what I consider our greatest song-writing team.

I like my Rodgers and Hart, and almost anything else, the way Frank Sinatra sings it. Frankly, I'm a fan. This fellow, whose voice may or may not be as good as it used to be, is an intelligent, musical singer, with a heart and a beat. He loves to sing good songs, and his new Capitol disc contains eight of the best, including "Little Girl Blue" and "My Funny Valentine" (both by Rodgers and Hart), "A Foggy Day" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me" (Gershwins). I especially liked the lesser-known ballad "Violets for Your Furs," a holdover from Frank's Dorsey days. The title of the set is FRANK SINATRA—SONGS FOR YOUNG LOVERS (Cap. H-488), but let us not limit it thereto.

Some of the better dance sides in current release are provided by Columbia's new Les Elgart unit. Three new discs reveal a resourcefulness, functionalism, and sense of humor rare in modern bands. "Bandstand Boogie" (Col. 40180) (but is it really a boogie?) is a bright riff number that swings like the old BG. The overside is the oldie "When Yuba Plays the Rhumba on His Tuba," rendered rhumba style but with tongue-in-cheek. "Varsity Drag" (40179) supplies a crisp Charleston, and "Roo Roo Roo (Kangaroo)" (40202) is fare for what threatens to become a new dance craze. Being in a less energetic frame of mind, my preference is the other side—a slow, sly revival of that monumental bit of nonsense, "Flat Foot Floogie."

—BILL SIMON.

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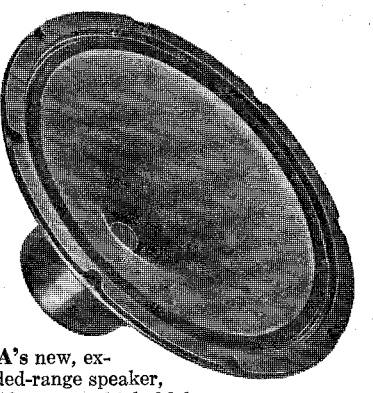

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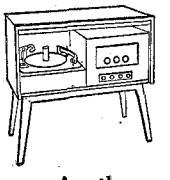

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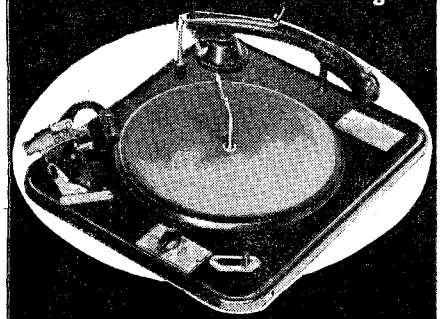

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

UNDERRATING PUMPKIN HOLLOW

ONE EVENING not long ago my wife and I gulped down our dinner, threw the kids into bed, arranged for a baby sitter, piled into the car, and drove at a furious pace across seventy-five miles of countryside. The occasion for all this haste was a rare event in our less-than-populous corner of north Alabama, a concert by one of our major symphony orchestras. The acoustics of the concert hall (a high-school auditorium) were excellent, it was filled with an eager audience starved for live music, and the program was shrewdly contrived to hit somewhat but not too far above the least common denominator of taste (a couple of overtures, the Brahms Second Symphony, "Francesca da Rimini," and a short work by Honegger). Everything seemed set up for a memorably enjoyable evening.

What we heard, however, were surely some of the most perfunctory run-throughs to which the pieces mentioned have ever been subjected. The notes were there, but we listened in vain for the music.

It seems to me that it's time somebody told our maestros that even though symphony orchestras don't travel to Pumpkin Hollow, records do. The Brahms Second, for example, is available in performances by Furtwängler, Mengelberg, Monteux, Rodzinski, Toscanini, Weingartner, and a number of others (at least twelve in all), and the same situation prevails with most of the other well-known works that are the staples of the "hinterlands" repertoire. In the homes of my own circle of friends there are several good high-fidelity sets, a larger number of your "two-foot square boxes," and a still larger number of ordinary radio-phonographs (like mine), which at least reveal the structure of a musical work even if its purely aural values are somewhat truncated. Since I don't think that we're in any way a unique group, I would venture to guess that a substantial percentage of our conductor's audience had had a chance to become acquainted with the Brahms Second in a performance of better than average merit, and were therefore hardly the musical illiterates that he so obviously deemed them to be.

I cannot escape the conclusion that this sort of sloppy musicianship in the hinterlands can have serious financial repercussions for our orchestras. Adding up the cost of tickets, transportation, and baby sitter, my wife and I find that the amount of money expended on the average concert will buy on records all the music performed at that concert. Admitting that even the best of recorded sound is not up to what one hears in the concert hall, the fact that a record provides a source of repeated enjoyment whereas even the best of concerts is a fleeting thing makes it very tempting for the music lover on a limited budget to forego the live performance. When this is added to the contrast in conductorial attitudes, with the conductor in a recorded performance at worst trying to put his best foot forward in order to sell a lot of records, and at best striving to leave a record of his musical ideas for posterity, and the conductor at the live performance giving the peasants a quick brush-off, the temptation to stick to the records becomes practically irresistible.

ARTHUR F. FERRIS.

Huntsville, Ala.

A PLEA FOR MURATORE

THANK YOU FOR RICHARD FLETCHER'S excellent piece about Mary Garden [*SR* Feb. 27]. It is certainly deplorable that many of her really great contributions to the cause of French opera were not recorded and that she did not make any concerted numbers with her splendid male co-stars of the Chicago Opera days. I heard her with Muratore in "Carmen," "Faust," and "Monna Vanna," and they were really something to remember.

For that matter, the evidence of "Golden Age" re-recordings on LP would lead one to suspect that all the great male voices of the past belonged to Italians, except for one Russian and a couple of

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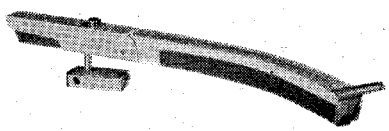

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German examples. The French do not get even the proverbial stepchild's share of attention. Of the trio of French artists Mr. Fletcher mentions, Journet is represented on LP only by a few excerpts, Dalmores not at all, and the same for Muratore, who, if he did not have the finest voice of the three, made the most thrilling use of it. Muratore recorded for Pathé Frères, of France, in the now-obsolete hill-and-dale recording system. Might not Vox, with its link with the present-day Pathé label, be induced to reissue on LP some of Muratore's recordings? The fruit of such a venture would, I believe, be an awakening in interest in French operatic music, which has no outstanding exponent today. Muratore's voice was a powerful one, under splendid control, with a bright and ringing quality rather than a sensuous beauty to it. Like Garden, he was a singing actor and could give a convincing illusion of beauty and sensuousness of tone when necessary, but there was always just enough "bite" in his voice to keep it from cloying.

RALPH E. WHITNEY.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to a Vox representative, there are no plans at present for reissuing the old Pathé vocal repertoire. However, a response from potential customers might induce a change of heart. Elsewhere in his letter Mr. Whitney acknowledges that "the cause of French music and French voices" has been furthered recently by the reissues on the Entré label of the venerable Columbia "Louise" and "Manon" recordings.*

MARY GARDEN LP?

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING the very interesting and highly illuminating article "The Mary Garden of Record." . . . Great art makes an ever-living impression, so why have the recorded examples of Miss Garden's art and great personality become so unavailable to the public? I have often stood at the music counter and overheard someone ask "Any records by Mary Garden?" My music dealer tells me the RCA Victor Treasury of Immortal Performances have outsold all his other records. Present and future generations will always be interested in these great artists who are no longer singing. I should think this would be an incentive to RCA Victor to release a Mary Garden LP bringing to an eager public all the arias and songs she recorded for them (and electrically) in the Twenties.

ROBERT WHITNEY.

San Francisco, Calif.

THE CAPET BEETHOVEN

SPEAKING OF POSSIBLE REISSUES, how many of your readers can recall the superb Capet Quartet recordings issued by Columbia? Their readings of the late Beethoven quartets are absolutely the finest I have ever heard—and the sound is surprisingly good. The Mozart recordings by the Capet ensemble, and the Debussy and Ravel quartets, are in the same superlative league as the Beethoven. Will anyone second the motion?

FRANK CORSARO.

Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A reissue of the justly famed Capet interpretations is a laudable proposal. Finding usable masters may be difficult (although we are told that the Capet recordings are still being pressed in Japan). Also there is a question of jurisdiction. The records were originally issued by French Columbia, with which the American Columbia firm is no longer affiliated. Perhaps this is a project for the new Angel label.*

ALDRICH'S GREEN LIGHT

THE DEBATE ON PUTNAM ALDRICH'S discussion of the "Well-Tempered Clavier" [*SR* Dec. 26] has roused me to comment, especially since Paul Henry Lang, after a fine hair-splitting disapproval of the pseudo-musicological efforts of Felix Prohaska in his recent recording of the Bach Suites, turns and cites Mr. Aldrich as an "able scholar-musician" who should be called in as adviser for recordings of Baroque music when an attempt at historical accuracy is made. But how can Mr. Aldrich give a virtually unqualified green light to the efforts of Madame Landowska's harpsichord playing when the harpsichord which she plays and the manner in which she registers Baroque music on that instrument are so blatantly inauthentic? Curt Sachs, indisputably the authority on the history of musical instruments, has long deplored Landowska's abuses of harpsichord tone. I agree with Mr. Lang that one cannot go halfway on the matter of "authenticity." He might be a bit more discriminating in his recommendations of authorities, however, since Putnam Aldrich seems very prone to do just that.

OWEN JANDER.

Lake Forest, Ill.

A NEW "AIDA"

I AGREE WITH THE LETTER by John B. Fisher [*SR* Dec. 26] and with the letter by Leonard Freeman [*SR* Jan. 30], and I shall also agree wholeheartedly with any other who writes in favor of a new "Aida" recording with Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren, and Orthophonic sound. There are many of us out here in the Philistine wilderness waiting for just such a recording.

R. McMURRIN.

Sheep Mt., Alaska

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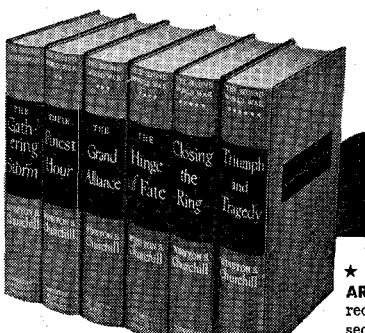

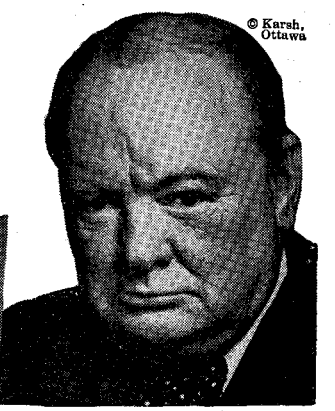
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